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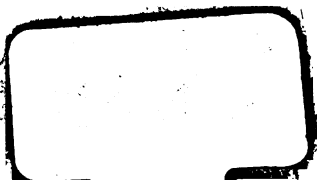
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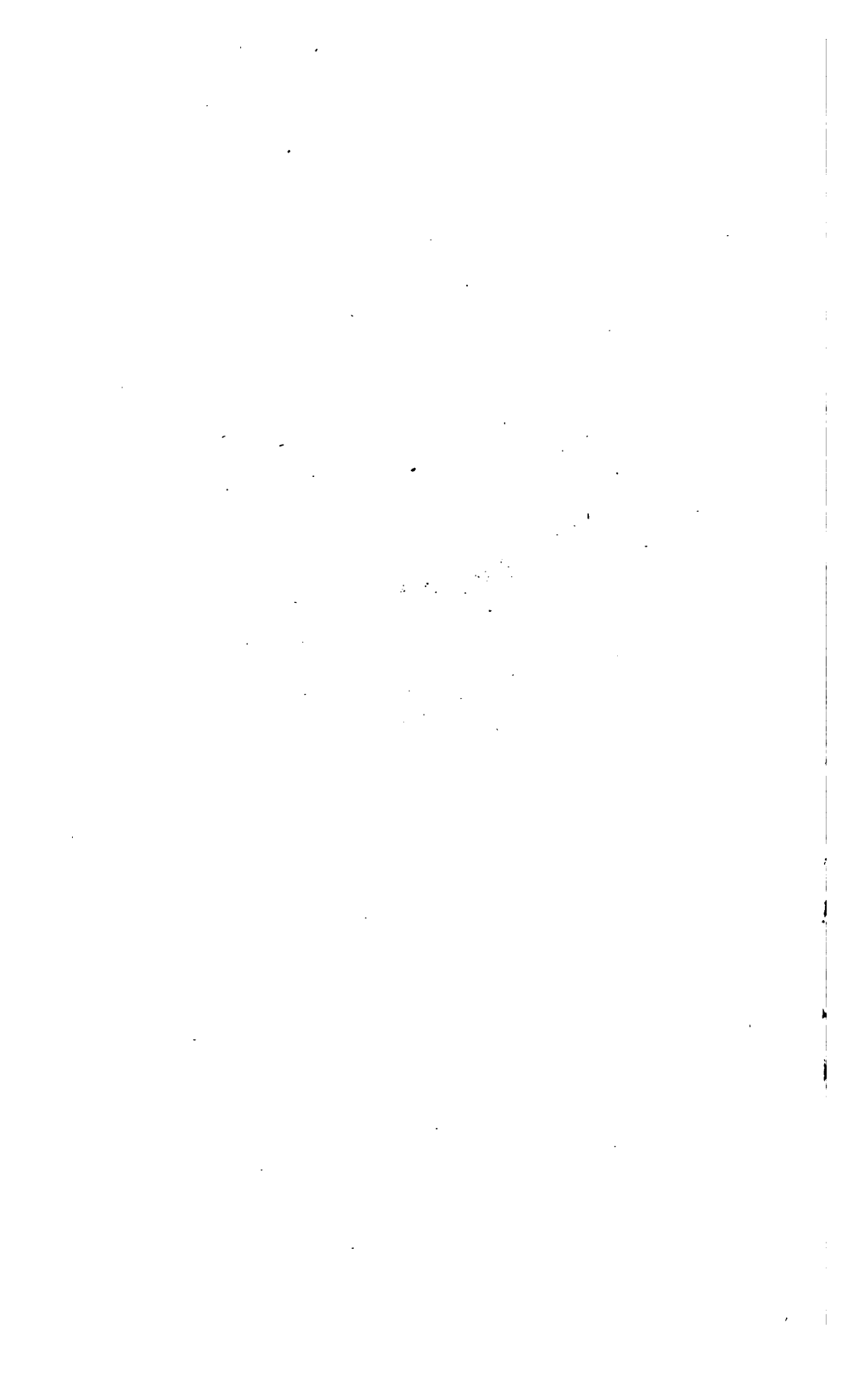
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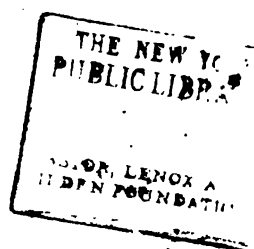
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PICTURES FROM THE NORTH,

IN

PEN AND PENCIL;

SKETCHED DURING A SUMMER RAMBLE.

BY

GEORGE FRANCKLIN ATKINSON, ESQ.,

BENGAL ENGINEERS.

" I rather would entreat thy company
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than living dully sluggardis'd at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness."

SHAKESPEARE.

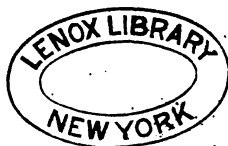
LONDON:

JOHN OLLIVIER, 59, PALL MALL.

1848.

S.C.F.

LONDON
PRINTED BY T. R. HARRISON,
ST. MARTIN'S LANE.



NOV 27 1891
JUL 18 1892
JAN 18 1893

DEDICATION TO THE READER.

RETURNING from the East to a more temperate clime, in search of health, and anxious to visit a portion of Europe comparatively little trodden, I was induced to direct my steps to the North.

The following sketches are gathered from private letters, penned on the spot for friends at home, and drawn hastily, to render more graphic the account of those scenes they attempt to describe.

To you, gentle reader, who may have visited Italy and the "Sweet South," a summer ramble in the North may also prove agreeable. You need not fear that bears and wolves will be your constant companions, that the scenery will be found a mere expanse of snow, or that your apparel need be furs. You will find a climate almost as genial as your own.

In thus presenting to you what you are likely to

meet with on the road, this unpretending volume may afford some little guidance, and therefore to you, indulgent reader, I dedicate it.

Conscious that brighter and more lasting constellations dazzle around with superior radiance, I nevertheless venture to launch it, like some tiny fire-balloon, into the wide world of starry night, feeling assured that the blast of criticism would be its destruction; but, if favoured with approving zephyrs, it may be wafted on for a brief season, affording some glimmer of light to the passing traveller on his way.

Harpsfield Hall, Hatfield,

July, 1848.

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PICTURES FROM THE NORTH.

CHAPTER I.

"Jam mens prætrepidans avet vagari;
Jam læti studio pedes vigescunt."

CATULLUS.

A FINE morning, very bright but very boisterous ; how seductive for a Channel cruize ! What a welcome dawn to usher in such a charming day ; the troubled sea sparkles and glitters in the summer's sun, not in an expanse of tranquil water without a ripple, but in glorious waves, rolling, and rearing, and chasing each other, and dashing their silvery crests afar, making the passing barques reel and plunge, like maddened war-steeds champing and foaming.

A double-reefed-topsail breeze, in fitful gusts, tears

across the water, and down along the pier, pelting the seaward houses; eddies round the corner, and dashes down the bye streets, tumbling over and giving animation to all things. Corpulent gentlemen, bereft of their hats, are to be met in eager pursuit after the eloping fugitives; while the fairer portion of the creation are to be seen battling bravely with refractory petticoats that persist in resolving themselves into hoods, and ranging in the quarter assigned to bonnets. Sturdy porters, with heads



laid on their breasts, stem the wind like seagulls, and manfully impel trucks loaded with portmanteaus of undeniable deportment, and carpet-bags unimpeachably la-

belled. Semi-somnous bipeds track their property as it is wheeled onwards, wistfully glancing at the troubled ocean, to whose mercy they are about to commit themselves; while the little coy steamer lies so snug, harboured beneath the protecting stony walls of Ramsgate Pier.

And now all is ready,—the bell has ceased to ring its summons,—the last passenger, a stout lady in a scorchingly-red shawl and violently-yellow bonnet, has traversed the narrow plank from the timber stairs, and has been deposited on the gridiron-bench,—the band-boxes and cloaks have succeeded her,—the whistle shrieks,—the hawsers glide lazily into the water,—a splash is heard,—the paddles tremulously beat the water, like the troubled heart, louder and louder, quicker and quicker,—and we are off.

Reader, of course you have continentalized. You have doubtless joined the summer flights that each year wing their way in thousands on the bosom of “the wide and winding Rhine.” You perhaps have visited the beautiful country of Switzerland, climbed the lofty Alps, and gazed with delight on the lovely scenes unfolded to your eyes—the eternal snow beyond, the happy valleys smiling beneath you, with here and there the placid lake embosomed in the hills. You may have journeyed farther

and basked in the clear sun of Italy, feasting on its time-honoured ruins when—

“Rome’s proud magnates held a world-wide sway.”

You may have lingered awhile amidst the vine-clad hills of Southern France, have scaled the lovely Pyrenees, and maybe you have bronzed your happy English faces in the fertile plains of Andalusia. What pleasant times were those. Was it not joyful to gaze with rapture on Nature in all her loveliness, displayed in wondrous variety, in the fairest portions of the earth? How delightful is it now to revive the pleasing associations, and how brightly burns the recollection of the agreeable, whilst the scenes of discomfort have long since faded from remembrance. Mine has been your lot, to loiter in the West and linger in the South. And how pleasant might it be to dwell on bygone hours, and tell of spots we all have seen, to bring afresh to the eye of memory the cultured glades of the Switzer’s home, where lies the village nestling in the shade,—to speak of the rude cataract foaming as it falls, sparkling in bright prismatic hues; of the rich foliage and the darkly-tinted firs, standing in bold relief against the snow-capt mountains, canopied by heaven’s pure blue,—to tell of the young shepherd, basking beside the tiny bridge that spans the

yawning fissure, while gazing on his flocks that speckle the neighbouring heights as fearlessly they browse; here trudge so cheerfully along the dusty travellers, with knapsack bound, whiling their road with bursts of song that reverberate again,—to tell of the wild flowers that we loved to gather, of the choice nooks we used to visit, from whence our pencil traced the distant views. And in this strain might we continue, but no, let us now stray together for awhile in a less beaten track. Let us leave the hackneyed, though interesting tours of every day travel, and let us ramble in hyperborean lands. The pen and pencil are prepared,—bear with me,—and I shall be rejoiced if on some future day you can be wooed to leave your own comfortable homes, to follow in my path, and enjoy the varied scenes as I have done.

The little steamer bounds gaily “o’er the sad sea waves,” evoking sundry ejaculations “substantially expressed,” as Milton hath it, from numerous uneasy-looking characters, who evidently consider a life on the ocean wave to be anything but a watery paradise, whilst sure-footed Ganymedes assiduously pursue their calling, and dexterously keep their balance, as the vessel plunges downwards, or heaves itself over the surging waves. The tarpaulined mariners smile as they watch the half-

drenched mortals crouching behind the heated funnel, seeking a shelter from the pelting spray and piercing wind. An unexpected lurch dislodges all, the slippery deck denies a footing, and the lee-scuppers receive the ejected ones, who are precipitated on to a choice spot, where a party of foreigners—

“Wretched ragged men, o’ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on their backs.”

But we near Ostend, and not a few feel a considerable elevation in the thermometer of their countenances, when we enter the smooth water of the harbour, and put foot on the Belgic shore.

Ostend! And this is the celebrated Ostend that stood such a tremendous besieging in days of old, and where, in our blest times, country cousins perpetrate cheap sea-bathing to an immense extent, to the end that they may talk of having been abroad. Grey-coated individuals, with a sedulous attention to the welfare of the state, institute an investigation into the affairs of our wardrobe; pending which operation we would recommend the incipient traveller to see the little lions; for ourselves we recruit our animal forces with the newest wines and oldest capons that our comely hostess has provided. But the coronetted carriage rolls by, to take

up its elevated position on the railway truck; a punchy little horse (poor beast) trundles away, "in single blessedness," with the gigantic Omnibus, which suffers fearfully from plethora, and we find ourselves at the station of the Great Belgian Railway.

Untravelled reader, what is your notion of foreign rails? You of course have heard of continental conveyances in general and of Diligences in particular, of their colossal dimensions, of their unwieldy proportions, of their uncouth adaptation to human comfort, of their plodding style of progression, and of the extent of horse power and hempen tackle, necessary for the production of motion in such ark-like machines. Such accounts are rigidly correct, but if at the mention of foreign railroads, your fanciful imagination pictures gigantic engines and mammoth carriages, in the relative proportion that Diligences bear to stage-coaches, happily you are mistaken. Be it then known unto you, that all the inanimate matter is made from one pattern: in them we find no novelties,—but, unwary traveller, screw up your patience and your temper to the sticking place, for otherwise vexation and annoyances will be your lot. Childish and ridiculous are most of the regulations. From the Superintendent to the signal-man (engineers and stokers excepted), a train is looked upon as being

about as dangerous and of as explosive a tendency as one of gunpowder of similar extent, with a fiery furnace in front. It is amusing at times to notice the amount of awe and dread that is inspired into the weak minds of the officials at the movement, or in fact the sight of an engine; like a timid girl who fears to handle a gun lest it may go off, so do these functionaries rush back and carry off, *vi et armis*, any unfortunate traveller who may have through some unguarded outlet ventured to stray from his coop on to the platform. There are three compartments in a carriage; one must be entirely filled before you are allowed to enter a second. The Conductor would be sadly discomposed were you to have a whole compartment, while the sixth seat in the adjoining one was vacant. Again, it may be your fairest friend has come to speed her parting one, but beyond the outer porch she is refused admittance. You must separate amid the crowd of menials hustling for your luggage; the last tender squeeze of the hand as the train moves on you cannot have; the kiss wafted to you as you roll away is positively denied you, and the last hope of seeing your fond one fade in the distance, and becoming "small by degrees and beautifully less," is ruthlessly snatched away. "*Par ici, M'sieur, par ici, on va partir tout suite,*" is dinned into your ears. You are

bandied about from place to place, and watched as if you had declared your resolve to take the earliest opportunity to make a Juggernaut of the engine, and of being ground to dust beneath its ponderous wheels.

A quire of paper, in the shape of tickets, is next conferred upon us. We place ourselves in the well-stuffed roomy carriages; a little green-coat, with furious exertion, blows into and sounds a martial bugle, and away we go. But at what a pace! And to be fourteen hours, from the rising up of the sun unto the going down thereof, in accomplishing two hundred miles! Shades of my departed ancestors! what egregious velocity, recalling the primitive style of locomotion in Elizabethan days; but it is a decided improvement upon that megatherium of travelling vehicles, the thundering diligence. Yet the impetuous Englishman turns fondly to his native broad gauge express, and a mile in a minute, and thinks all the rest "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable;" like the Roman, who lost all pleasure in other pursuits after first seeing blood flow in gladiatorial combat. "But you see nothing of the country if you fly across it," some fair damsel may exclaim. With all due submission, however, let me say, that the road and a private conveyance afford the only means suited to a diligent investigation of rural scenes. Railways were

not constructed for idle sightseers; and besides, if you are well acquainted with the country, and are merely crossing it *en route*, and you choose the rail as a means of transit, then let a reasonable railway speed be attained, and an Englishman is not to be blamed in sighing for a better pace.

But onwards we go! A queer character, with portentous mustaches, trips nimbly round the carriages, wedges his head and shoulders in at the window, demands an exhibition of tickets; the ream is displayed, when the head and shoulders disappear, and then continue their circuit. Presently the identical head and shoulders are again immersed into the carriage, the investigation is renewed, and so on during the journey; but you rest assured that your well-stocked portmanteau will not be exchanged for a small brown paper parcel containing a few shirt collars (a foreigner's luggage), and so you grieve not, but only pity the simplicity of the performers in thus proceeding.

But here we are at venerable Louvain, the Oxford of Belgium. And here is the Hotel de Suède, and the great lion of the place, the celebrated Hôtel de Ville. The bells of the Cathedral are ringing away merrily, and the musical clock plays lively airs from Der Freychutz and other Operas, eight times in every hour.

Reader, maybe you have never had to court—

“Tired nature’s sweet restorer, balmy sleep,”

in the contrivance yeapt a German bed. If the thermometer was below Zero, especially you would have abundant cause to remember it. The springy mattress, the downy coverlid, might inveigle you into pleasing anticipations of slumber profound; but how you would be deceived. The affair is five feet in length, which for a person of good two yards horizontal measurement, is, to say the least, decidedly unaccommodating. A huge pillow monopolizes the better half of the bed, and unless you coil yourself up in a posture displaying more ingenuity than comfort, your nether limbs will inevitably be doomed to dangle out beyond the prescribed limits of the concern. But fresh disasters accumulate. The saving principle is carried out to a painful extent as regards the sheets, which are plentifully scarce, being the exact width of the bed, so that “tucking-in” is eminently impossible. These slips have an unaccountable antipathy to rest, and veritable winding-sheets are perpetually performing some voluntary echelon movement, and taking up a position at right angles to their original front, (as we say in the Army), fearful columns of cold wind assault the breach, now accessible, and your only

defence is a downy, light, soft, puff-like cushion; but if you lift up your knees, it flies away to the end of the bed, and, if you turn, it jumps away bang into the middle of the room, when you must make a sortie at dead of night to reclaim the deserter, now in the enemy's camp. At last you recover the truant, put him in position to defend your shoulders, but your forces being too much concentrated on that point, your shoulders become smothered, while your feet are being besieged; you change your plan, and place your cushion on your feet, when a violent attack is made on your shoulders. Thus, during the whole night, desperate skirmishing goes on, and a truce for sleep is in vain, until you cashier the silky puff, and enlist your coat, pantaloons, paletôt, boots and all, in your service, which you pile in its stead, and then soft slumbers may steal upon you. So much for the pleasures of a German bed! Give me our genuine four-poster, with its substratum of feathers, and none of your puffy coverlids, which, if intended for the purpose of adding to one's comfort, are about as acceptable as a Mackintosh would be to a Polar bear!

Day dawns. Once more *en route*, or rather *en fer*. A drizzling morning, damp and disagreeable, a Scotch mist on travel, we trust it may not be coming our way. Iron, everlasting iron, how unpoetical! but it is compen-

sated for in other things. We find a very poetical couple seated opposite to us. If matrimony is not poetical, what is? They are on their nuptial tour. The bewitching smiles, and eyes looking unutterable things are sufficient evidences of the fact, to say nothing of an uneasiness occasioned by something strange on the third finger of the fair one's left hand. Happy, thrice happy Benedick, with thy incipient moustache; how blest art thou! They are bound for the Meuse. She is very pretty and very innocent, affects painful timidity at the "cars entering the caverns," as she terms the tunnels. A provokingly sudden gleam of light exhibits the swain clasping her tenderly in his arms, of course merely for protection in the probable event of danger. Very loving! very nice! but how awkward one feels at being in the way; yet there is no help, the other compartments are engaged, so we look indefatigably out of the window, at the clouds and crows, and at blouses that stand on white gates as we pass, and all that sort of thing; and listen to the occasional whistle and the rustling of the leaves, and the attempts at jokes uttered by little urchins in blue, whose voices dwindle into whispers as we glide away; and we watch how the rain ceases, and the birds begin to chirrup, and the passing train causes the neighbouring reeds and long grass to bow their heads in honour of the iron giant; and

then the sun bursts out, and we grow sentimental, and think that the sunshine of the happy pair before us may ere long be clouded, and that then such a gleam of brightness as the present one may burst in upon them, and how welcome it will be; and then we stop, and the conductor grows facetious, and informs us that the "*machine boit*," whereupon it is suggested to him, that a little "*demi et demi*" would be of advantage to accelerate the movements of the aforesaid "*machine*," and so we proceed again and continue our meditations, when a prodigious snoral solo rouses us from our reverie, as a jolly-looking Jesuit priest starts up from sleep, it is but for a moment, however, and in nasal contralto tones he snores away once more; then we watch him: a nomadic fly buzzes about, and settles on his glowing nose; he heeds it not; What are his dreams? Can they refer to the happy pair beside him, of celibacy, and so on? He reminds me of one of his calling, who was possessor of a similar Bacchanalian cast of countenance. It was in Italy, on the top of a Diligence that this jovial Silenus was giving vent from his capacious pulmonary apparatus, to an exuberance of animal spirits, and in anything but the most melodious tone, was shouting out that well known song "*Non curiamo l'incerto domani*," at the top of his voice, the burden of which might be considered by

certain persons as not strictly calculated to proceed from the laryngeal organs of any pious padrè.

But we find ourselves at Malines, where a disembowelling of portmanteaus and carpet-bags is to ensue; a shower comes pouring down, and there is no tectum, so we must paddle about, like itinerant ducks, in the wet outside, or daudle in a damp crowded room.

Vexation of spirit to a vast amount is experienced by many on the carriages being changed, when they discover themselves returning to the place from whence they came. Thanks, however, to an acquaintance with the ingenious curve, we find ourselves right; but the happy couple have disappeared, and before us behold a Briton in a very "wide awake" hat, and a seal-skin paletôt, which makes him look for all the world like an animated mathematical-instrument case; and beside him is an officer of some rifle corps, with a black jacket all studded with buttons like a coffin, and with a lugubrious countenance to match; with one consent cigars are lit, although it is "*absolument défendu*," happily for the smokers the olfactory and visual organs of the guard are at fault expressly for the occasion, since he observes not the smoke curling from the windows. On we go, and again we stop; the demi-famished passengers attempt to secure some of the essentials for the inner man; but the

bugle is disagreeably precipitate in its call; Wide-awake returns with a roll of beef and a bottle of porter; sedate-looking priests are seen rushing about like so many rooks,



in a manner not at all in accordance with their sacerdotal characters; the corpulent Jesuit arrives, and like the bugle, is well blown; the door is slammed, and away we go again. Nor are we by any means grieved when the Cathedral's broken tower, and the spires of the far-famed Cologne, come in view, and we find ourselves refreshed in the snug confines of the Maïnerhoff.

CHAPTER II.

"Inde *Cologne* fessi pervenimus utpote longum,
Carpentes iter et factum corruptius imbri."

HORACE.

READER, have you ever visited Cologne? No! then it behoves you forthwith to secure the attentions of one of those ambulatory oracles, called Commissionaires, who for a remunerative consideration will initiate you into all the mysteries of this classic spot. You will be led forth, and your eager eyes will first be feasted on the majestic fragment of the Cathedral, you will gaze with wonder on its colossal grandeur, its magnificent proportions, its graceful traceries, and you will pay a passing tribute to the author of so stupendous a conception. You will breathe a wish that it were completed, but you hardly dare anticipate so glorious a consummation. You will peer into the dismal vaults, and you will catch a glimpse of coronetted skulls. And so you will be borne along, beholding each wondrous work successively.

It would be deemed heretical were you not to examine the sacred edifices first, so your faithful Achates will most assuredly carry you off into each and every church. You may then, perhaps find yourself on the banks of the rapid Rhine,—it will then be perfectly orthodox to rhapsodize, to dwell on its beauties,—when you will have an opportunity of displaying your acquaintance with the British poets, by your very apt quotations. The Classic will call to mind his youthful hours, and talk of Cæsar for a starting hero; the sentimental young lady will think of Charlemagne and chivalry; the merchant, of those palmy days when Cologne was the proud head of the Hanseatic league; the soldier will recall the continental wars, and how prominently stands the Rhine in its history's page. And still the turgid stream rolls by so swiftly, but the dim reveries of the distant past will be sadly disturbed by the prosaic Steam-boat of modern times, puffing and splashing past you, as it bears its goodly load on the bosom of the poetic river to the scenes of lordly robberies, and to

“Where many a ruined castle hall,
And portal old oft wet with gore,”

frown from their craggy eminences.

But I must leave the noviciates to their rhapsodies,

and the tender mercies of the Laquai de Place. The day is fine, all the world is astir, the window is open, so imagine the present scene. Two gallant "defenders of their country's wrongs" in martial garb are discussing matters of momentous importance, perhaps concerning the new regulation-sash, and the proposed style of wearing it across the shoulder, as among the Austrian A.D.C.s, and our own Highland regiments; perhaps a word or two on the last step, or the new colonel, or some such agreeable barrack conversation. Behold these



exquisites: the widely-breasted coatee, with the briefest skirts, the aperture for the sword and the sheath de-

pending therefrom, the still larger apertures for the hands, and the plaited pantaloons, and last, not least, the leather and brass helmets, with their square shades, the whole resembling something between a fireman's bucket and a coal-scuttle. Can these heroes be as attractive in the Prussian salons de danse as our red-coats in our own English ball-rooms, I wonder! See how they saunter along the pavé, with their arms immersed up to the elbows in their breeches' pockets, and clouding the streets with the smoke from their nauseous cigars—they turn into a café. Here a party of our countrymen issue from the hotel, intent upon the buildings and “Murray,” that crimson-backed oracle which imparts such amazing extent of information. Englishmen and red-books are as inseparable on the Continent in the eyes of foreigners as the Siamese twins. The portly gentleman climbs and puffs up to the summit of the Righi, produces his spectacles and “Murray;” the fair young girl creeps silently down the “long drawn aisles” of some Italian church, gazes on some gorgeous shrine or imaged saint, and then refers to “Murray;” so, whether you find yourself treading the stately halls of the Alhambra, the humble Norwegian cot, or Eastern seraglio, that volume will greet your eye. Some travellers, however, do not confine their researches among its pages to gather information for themselves,

but to discover whether what is printed is indubitably correct. I remember once, when on the Rhine, a placid old gentleman was taking the conventional tour, accompanied by two charming daughters ; he took up his position at the cabin-table beneath the skylight, the guide-book and map lay stretched out before him, the girls were on deck, and on passing the various striking objects they screamed down to their honoured parent, who seemed perfectly happy as he traced his course on the illustrated map. Thus one of the young ladies would exclaim, "Castle, turrets, eminence, bend of river," and so on. "Ah yes," answered the old gentleman, "quite right. Drachenfels, Castle of Drachenfels, quite right ;" and so would this worthy accomplish his tour, and no doubt return to his home mentally satisfied that he had journeyed through regions of note, and was thoroughly acquainted with all he had passed.

But military music greets the ear, and a regiment approaches in all the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious" peace. A corps of Prussian infantry has not a very imposing appearance ; this is owing, however, to the system of conscription, by which every man in an inland state, is compelled to serve for a certain period in the army, consequently producing a set of boys for the ranks. I doubt if a beard could have been found among

the whole corps that marched past. This system, no doubt, has its advantages, inasmuch as every man is capable of bearing arms in case of aggression : but these are counterbalanced by the opposing disadvantages : the principal one being, that there are never any old soldiers, who are ever the mainstay of regiments. In case of war these youths fight, and for recruits no doubt fight manfully and well ; during a long campaign they learn the art of war, but peace is then proclaimed, and in a few years an entirely new army is in the field whenever war is resumed, and then these new levies have to engage the armies of other states, whose troops are now tried veterans, and who will deny that here the Prussian is not at a disadvantage? At Waterloo, it was not so much in having beaten a numerical superiority of French, that the glory of our arms consisted, as in our army, composed principally of young and inexperienced troops, so ably resisting the incessant attacks of Napoleon's veterans, flushed with repeated victories. But in the eye of the political economist, the prosperity of the country suffers severely from this principle of universal military servitude, as it withdraws every man from his trade during the three best years of his existence : and while teaching him the idle habits of the soldier in time of peace, it disinclines him when his three years' soldiering have

expired, from returning to his former pursuits and occupations ; both their taste and skill have fallen away : and at Berlin this may be verified, where hundreds of discharged men are to be seen idling about, without the spirit or inclination to return to their former business. For the uninitiated in such matters I may briefly propound the mysteries of The Standing Army, the Landwehr and Landstrom ; the first consists of soldiers from twenty to twenty-five years of age ; in case of additional forces being required, the first division of the Landwehr is called out, comprising those who are under thirty-two years of age: the second division of which are under thirty-nine years; but in the event of the Landstrom being called out, every man under the age of fifty is required to bear arms. The promotion among the officers is by seniority as far as Major, similar to that of our army in India. All this, however, may savour of insipidity, so I beg the gentle reader to follow the band, which is sure to be a good one, as they are invariably so in Germany, and his ears will be treated with some of the choicest productions of modern composers, and I will step over to the Messagerie des Postes to arrange for the morrow in providing some conveyance in which to journey onwards. That thoughtless valet (he must positively be discharged immediately,) has left behind our travelling carriage,

with its concomitant imperials—rumble, diamond library, and the like appurtenances,—how very inconsiderate! in the humbler style of borrowed vehicles, therefore, must we proceed. The Eilwagen we are resolved to eschew, as not sufficiently select for the exclusive Englishman; exclusive in the contracted eyes of foreigners, because, poor fellow, he is not gifted with universal linguism, and prefers a quiet apartment to herding with the multitude in the noise of public rooms, and amid the fumes of unsavoury tobacco—therefore is he exclusive. Q.E.D.

A fresh balmy morning, and we bid adieu to Cologne, cross the bridge of boats, and strike away in the direction of Hanover. We are three; Fitz B. is an officer of Artillery, and an Oxford man is my other companion, (no one ever travelled without an Oxford man in company). We have accidentally met. Fitz B. thinks a few months in the north might be an agreeable change from the monotony of a German watering-place, so he intimates to his maternal parent his intention of proceeding at once for change of air. The Oxford man is by chance paying a morning visit, he hears this resolve, the idea strikes him as good, he drives home furiously, stuffs a portmanteau so full that his household in general are called upon to stamp systematically upon the top to

effect a junction between the hasp and the lock ; he returns as rapidly, and states his determination of accompanying us. Behold then, the trio, and their sporting equipage, starting on their unpremeditated tour.

We have concocted extensive arrangements for the well-being of the State. The Oxford man is appointed chancellor of the exchequer, as he is acquainted with five-and-twenty words in the German language, and professes to know the distinction between a *thaler* and a *kreutzer*. Fitz B. is an Irishman, very mad and very warlike, so he is to represent the army and navy combined, in case of any hostile dispositions evinced towards us during our existence as a state, while the responsible appointment of premier and secretary of state devolve upon me ; and, amiable reader, before you lies the result of my arduous duties in those departments of the government.

As far as Hanover the road traverses a very picturesque country, a pleasing variety after the flatness of Belgium, reminding one occasionally of the scenery in Kent, and presenting such landscapes as Fielding and Richardson delight in painting ; few parts of the continent have a greater similarity to our own island. In Italy, the sameness in the colour of the foliage, and the

grasses, and trees, having the same tint of green, soon wearies the eye, and it seeks some deeper shades for relief; here, as in England, the light and dark greens are divided, and it is this variety that so improves the landscape, and is, indeed, the principal thing that renders open scenery beautiful.

The Eilwagens appear deserted: the landlords must be bordering on the brink of despair, but still there is a little life to be seen; the country waggons, well stocked with the produce of the farm, move by; these resemble



magnified horse-troughs on wheels, drawn by two horses abreast, the near one carrying the carter as postillion,

while in the neighbouring fields, the women at their work, look picturesque in their scarlet petticoats.

Our progress is curious. Our carriages are specimens worthy of shipment to England for exhibition. First comes a Brighton Fly, where one of us has to sit bodkin, and we pile our traps pyramidically on the adjacent seat; then appears a glass coach, glass by nature as well as by name; anon would be trundled out from a shed, something of the character of a hip bath upon castors; and now a wicker-work contrivance, or Stuhlwagen, (we have that word quite correct), something between a washerwoman's basket and a hamper, with little trays suspended therein to represent seats; a very ingenious contrivance, but the patentee had considered anything of the nature of springs to be a superfluity: but all these manifold changes and their unpleasing variety, with their break-back, jolting motion, could not make heavy the light hearts they bore, when exhilarated by lovely weather, beautiful scenery, and cheerful companions.

At Rehme we catch a glimpse of the extensive salt-works. The brine is extracted from the water, being pumped up to a considerable height and allowed to trickle down through lofty frame-works, filled with furze and faggots, to which the salt adheres, and is subsequently shaken out. The frames resemble gigantic "tatties," which are used

in the East, placed against the windows, and well-saturated, the hot air passes through and becoming cool, lowers the temperature. A fine large Lutheran church adorns Buckeburg, the capital of the principality of Schauenberg Lippe. But we must hasten on; "black cornered night" steals upon us, and with calm resignation, quite edifying to behold, we endure a perpetual transition from carriage to carriage, and console ourselves with snatches of sleep and pleasant dreams of travelling by railway express. About fifteen miles from Hanover, snug in a happy valley, lies the smiling watering place of Neuendorf, and on the following afternoon, while waiting for our lordly equipage, we stroll along the mall, where all the beauty and fashion of this little town of Hesse are congregated—Italians, Russians, Germans, and French are here. Some few are enjoying a constitutional recreation after their sulphureous draughts from the bubbling spring; others are to be seen in groups under the grateful shade of some wide-spreading trees. The Oxford man perpetrates a quotation, and talks about—

*"Nunc viridi membra sub arbuto
Stratus, nunc ad aquæ lene caput sacræ."*

Some are enjoying the delight of the fragrant weed,

others are taking tea in an arbour, while a select dozen are being packed into a springless vehicle to go and "eat the air," as we say in the East, in the neighbouring highways. The peasantry, in the true Hessian style, clothe their bodies in short-waisted coats, their heads in broad-brimmed felt-hats, and their feet and legs in Hessian boots.

The entrance to Minden is very pretty. The river Weser winds its glittering waters between two lofty and thickly-wooded hills, along the side of which, as pleasantly as in an English park, our gallant bays trotted nobly over a smooth and shady road. This opening, better known as the *Porta Westphalica*, brings strongly to my recollection a scene in Greece near *Nemæa*, and is one of the prettiest spots in Northern Germany. The town itself has the misfortune of being fortified, and apparently the line of works are strong. The differently coloured barriers told us that we were in another state, and soon after we entered the well-known capital of Hanover. The new part of the town is regular and well built, but the old quarter, on the right bank of the *Leine*, presents a queer and irregular set of domiciles, but the streets are comparatively deserted, and want of active and stirring life give it the appearance of a triste place, almost as bad as London on the Derby day. The Waterloo

column, surmounted by Victory, on the Esplanade, bears a record to posterity of those gallant Hanoverians who fell in that glorious battle. The Palace and Royal Stables are on an extensive scale, but of the Mint and Library and other wonders, we refer the traveller to his oracle, Murray.

And now a respite from our late mode of proceeding. A railroad relieves us for a time; it will carry us to Selle. It is a nice little line, and the pace good; but that unpleasant delay at the midway station, owing to the solitary line of rail, is anything but agreeable. The Hanoverians draw the nicest distinction between the first and second-class traveller: the first-class carriages are ornamented with tufts or buttons on the cushion, which is positively the only difference, as the second-class have none, thus carrying out practically the old saying that the second-class traveller "is not worth a button," but for the future we have resolved to treat ourselves as secondary characters whenever fate carries us on the Hanover and Selle Railway. Our acquaintance with the prevailing language of the country is limited—decidedly limited: in short, German is as yet but Chinese to us. However we propound remarks and suggestions from an ingenious book of dialogues, but as to the signification of the answers we receive, we remain blissfully ignorant,

saving and except "Ya wohl" and "So," which words we fully and entirely comprehend; they appear to be most effective demisemiquaver responses. Still we make bold to shout out lustily to the Jehus "*Gehen sie ein wenig fester*," which order these sons of Nimshi summarily obey, their better nature however being mollified by a donation of cigars; while, again, the hearts of the maids of the bed-chamber are softened exceedingly by whispering something about "*Schönen ourgen*" and such dove-like expressions, as useful as "Open Sesame" in the fairy tale. Our pecuniary settlements on the king's highway are moreover effected in a most exemplary style, exhibiting novelty with simplicity. Our Chancellor of the Exchequer presents a handful of coins, promiscuously taken, to the rustic schwarger, while Fitz B., looking ominously warlike, as the fleet, makes a demonstration (as of late in the Athenian waters), to ensure a prompt and honourable return of the residual amount: thus all irritating calculations to destroy our wonted harmony and peace of mind are happily avoided.

As to the beauty of the scenery between Hanover and Hamburg prudence bids us be silent, and we are by no means grieved to rattle into the quaint old town of Haarberg, which appears to be the depôt for public vehicles, which would leave Hamburg itself, if the Elbe

would suffer them. Schnellposten in hundreds, in all the varied stages of progression and rest, are perpetually to be seen radiating off to all parts of Germany.



CHAPTER III.

“Whiles we beguile the time and feed our knowledge
With viewing of the town.”

TWELFTH NIGHT.

A SMALL steamer bears us rapidly across the many arms of the muddy Elbe, and behold us landed at the busy quay at Hamburgh.

Hamburgh, cheerful, pleasant, independent Hamburgh, we pace thy venerable streets with gladness, we dwell on thy power in by-gone times, thy splendour that a few centuries had well nigh overclouded, but which we rejoice to see is bidding fair to revive to its wonted position.

We picture the calamities that thy fortress brought upon thee, of the savage Davoust, and his mercilessly turning out 40,000 inhabitants to endure the inclemency of a rigorous winter, and mulcting a million from thy coffers!

The queer old gables, all but uniting across the streets, give quite the air of the old fashioned Dutch; but the great fire of 1842 (that destroyer and decorator of towns) swept away a vast mass of rubbish, and see what splendid edifices have sprung from its ashes.

The Alster Square forms the nucleus from whence the stately buildings diverge, and whose spacious sheet of water they encompass. In the centre of the southern side stands a pavilion, where a band of musicians, every evening, plays most industriously, when the votaries of the festive dance indulge in Terpsichorean measures within, while without, groups of jovial light-hearted characters are to be seen vigorously discussing the smallest ices and the largest pipes, puffing away dull care, and apparently in the enjoyment of the very acmé of social bliss. Facing this is the ladies' walk, or Yungfersteig, a spot devoted to lovers and acquaintances, and where the gayest world, relieved from the fatigues of the day and the close confines of a theatre, are wont to promenade. The Oxford man persists in alluding to the primitive Italian poets, and making extracts in a defunct tongue, considers as applicable to the occasion,—

“Nunc et campus, et aræ
Lenesque sub noctem susurri
Compositâ repetantur horâ;”

Carburetted hydrogen (to speak chemically) adds its brightness to Cynthia's pale beams, and on a still clear night, when the thousand lamps are reflected in the smooth mirror of the water, and the sounds of music float upon its tranquil surface, the ideas of anything mundane or commercial vanishes entirely, and visions of fairyland and the seventh heaven hover about one's brain.

But who are these, tripping so friskly about in their gay picturesque costumes, these pretty Vierlanderin flower



girls, in their short coloured petticoats, their tightly-fitting bodices, and pink stockings, *à la Cardinal*, with

that inverted basket headgear, curious to behold? Bearing their pleasant and fragrant burden from the gardens that lie a few miles up the Elbe, these smiling damsels offer their pretty bouquets for sale; and who can refuse a pretty flower, offered by a pretty girl with her prettiest smile? When both are so fascinating, I envy him not who can : to me they are irresistible.

On the site of the former ramparts, pleasure grounds, with agreeable walks à l'Anglaise, have been laid out, where the honest Hamburgers luxuriate in shady nooks and pleasantly secluded spots, and where little Cupid shoots his darts as successfully as did Mars his more fatal shafts in days gone by.

The Exchange is a fine massive building, displaying considerable architectural merit, and well worthy of the great commercial city that it adorns. We visited the inner court, which is covered in, when the mercantile world were there, as busy and industrious as bees, and making quite as much buzzing. From this we directed our steps to the St. Michael's church, a large Lutheran building, and in its interior very much resembling one of our own Parish churches, with its arrangements of pews and galleries, and altar in all its simplicity. How refreshing it is to look at a sacred edifice abroad, uncontaminated by those abominations of idols which usurp

the worship of the one *Invisible*, and to think that something approaching the primitive religion of Christ is still upheld, free and uncorrupted. The ascent to the summit of the spire is our next journey; up dark wooden stairs, now crossing beside stone walls, darting out and shooting upwards through forests of massive rafters, then dodging back and ingeniously screwing round great timber pillars, and emerging into the belfry,

“ Where sullen swings the huge oracular bell.”

Now again up a tortuous ladder, now passing the regions of the clock, which greets us with striking twelve in honour of our arrival, and half stunning us into the bargain. (By the way, I never ascend a spire or turret without the clock numbering some large hour, and well nigh effecting some derangement of the tympanum.) Now we raise the trap-door and find ourselves in an octagonal pigeon loft.

We peer through the panes of glass, (decorated with diamond cuts of John Smith and other adventurous Britons who had performed the perilous ascent, and recorded their names to admiring posterity,) and there *Hamburgh* and its environs lay outstretched before us. An extensive prospect of red tiles, a bird's-eye view of

canals, and the dark-rolling Elbe dashing away towards the sea, affords the general coup d'œil, and we find no reason to lament the aërial trip. Leaving the church, we meet a procession bearing their lifeless burden to its narrow home, in a manner peculiar to this city. The coffin



is placed on a board, borne by twelve men, and followed by some dozen hired mourners, habited in short Spanish cloaks, knee-breeches, shoes, and buckles, with a large plaited ruff round the neck, and occasionally wearing wigs. Followed by numerous mourning coaches, the procession thus winds its way, with solemn step, through the principal streets previous to the interment.

Adjoining Hamburg is the busy town of Altona, in the Danish territory, which bids fair to rival its neighbour in importance, for here is the Terminus of the Kiel railway, and not much farther is the beautiful nursery garden, the property of Mr. Booth; it is as extensive as it is rich in the beauty and variety of the plants; it consists of no less than one hundred and eighty acres, with some twenty-five hot-houses, and requiring the constant employment of two hundred gardeners. The private garden contains three hot-houses, presenting the most valuable specimens of plants, gathered from every quarter of the globe. The first consists of orchidaceous tribes, while every species of ericæ are to be found in the second, and the rarest of the pinus order in the third. The air and wood plants are the finest ever collected. I never saw such superb calceolaria, and his pelargoniums were magnificent. There is not a known flower in the world that has not its specimen to be found here; indeed, to the lover of botany, or even to the admirer of Flora, I would conscientiously recommend a trip to Hamburg, were it solely to feast his eyes on the beauties exhibited here. The head gardener was our Cicerone, in which we were fortunate. He mentioned that it would require more than a thousand pounds to purchase a single slip of each variety. The expenses of

this garden amount to some seven thousand pounds a year. It is a nursery that supplies others in all parts of the world, and has consequently become a profitable concern to the worthy owner.

And now we must hasten back to our quarters. The renowned Swedish Nightingale is to sing at the Opera, the last of her few nights' engagement, and who would be so barbarous as to miss the delight of hearing her if possible. We make a desperate effort to secure tickets,—we rush to the office, a throng swarms round the entrance, but English elbows quietly, but effectually worm a passage through the yielding multitude: but no beneficial result arises, for not a seat is procurable for love or money; but we despair not, we intend to try an irresistible power in the shape of a *douceur*, when the opening hour arrives; till then we continue in search of adventure and lions. And who are these fair damsels flitting along so nimbly, so gaily attired in short-sleeved dresses, black lace mittens, silken aprons, and with embroidered handkerchiefs, so tastefully held,—how smartly they are got up. But what is concealed under that mysterious shawl? Can it be a bouquet, or some token of love? No; pounds of sausages, a cabbage, with some garlick, and, perhaps, a bottle of creature comfort, savoury comestibles for Herr Von Stuffemfull's supper; perhaps a few

yards of ribbon, or gay material for the damsel herself, purchases that she has just effected.

The honest Hamburgers so arrange their amusements as not to clash and interfere with each other, and to allow time for the dance ~~after~~ the theatre, the performances commence at half-past five and terminate at ten, and the sun was high up in the heavens when we found ourselves entering the precincts of Euterpe. Our anticipations of securing places were realized, for a benign old gentleman magnanimously vacated his seat for a slight consideration, and procured two others for us.

The opera was Don Giovanni, in German, and one in which the wonderful powers of Jenny Lind's exquisite voice are brought fully into play. Her impersonation of Amina and the Figlia del Reggimento, are perfect in their way, the coquettish village maiden, and the smiling daughter of the regiment perhaps suit her better than the deeper casts of tragedy; but as Donna Anna she sustained the character most successfully. A German audience can appreciate the powers of such an artiste, and the shouts of approbation were tremendous. The theatre is about the size of Drury Lane, and is the finest in Northern Germany, but a solitary chandelier affords scarcely sufficient light. The royal box is in the centre of the house, as in most continental theatres, which is

obviously the best situation for royalty on state occasions.

The Steamer for St. Petersburg leaves to-morrow, so we bid adieu to merry Hamburg for a time. A dashing team of four grays is seen rattling through the well-paved streets. Fitz B. is handling the ribbons, and tickling the off leader with the long lashed whip; he nearly capsizes us into the Alster water as he whirls round the corner, but not quite, and away we go. A head, with a *tarboosh* (our travelling head-gear), pops out of the window, the populace imagine it to be Soliman Pacha, and vociferate and stare accordingly, and thus we get into the open country, upon a very fair road. Day-break finds us at Oldeslohe, our steeds and ourselves are refreshed and invigorated with hay and coffee, then away we go again, and at last, with an extra flourish of whip, and spurt of nags, we accomplish our forty-six miles and rattle into the sister town of Lubeck,

“ As the all cheering sun
Does in the further East begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed.”

Lubeck, charitable Lubeck, so renowned in days of yore: what a falling off is here! When, as proud head of the Hanseatic League, thou sentest thy conquering armies to the field, while thy fleets swept the northern

seas. "Farewell, a long farewell, to all thy greatness." Thy glory is indeed fled, and thy churches, gates, halls, and council chamber, remain mere mementos of the past.

The venerable Rathhaus is still here, where once its merchant kings held their deliberations. Still free, however, its burghers now assemble to rule their little state. The janitor introduces us to an investigation of the interior. This functionary is attired in the normal garb of a fox-hunter: a pink cut-away, the skirt reaching to his heels, buckskins and top-boots (the poor fellow must be ignorant of the powers of oxalic acid, for they are so yellow!) a belt and sword completes the costume, the latter to give point in lieu of spurs, I imagine. The exterior of the building is very quaint, and elaborately decorated. The Marienkirke is one of the principal ecclesiastical buildings, with walls not a little out of the vertical, as is also the spire, which is not a rare occurrence, the generality of them being some ten degrees from the perpendicular. Here is the celebrated astronomical clock, made in 1405, imparting extensive information, where at mid-day sundry kings emerge from small doors, "march past in review," and retire through other doors; and here is the notable picture of the Dance of Death. There are few peculiarities to be found in this

faded town, the outer mien of the inhabitants is similar to other Germans, saving and except the market women, who wear an odd bonnet and sport a bifold apron, the latter posteriorly applied.

We find our acquaintance with the vernacular wondrously on the increase, we make terrific attempts and more fearful mistakes, and enjoy the joke rather more than those who hear our absurdities. And now we have lengthened conversations, each chiming in a word, like the Hungarian brothers on their horns, and so tuning up sentences. Whenever I hear mistakes, I am always reminded of the unfortunate Englishman who was ejected from the *banquette* of a diligence, by its capsizing, and deposited in a ditch. The compassionate conductor made tender inquiries as to his condition, asking, *M'sieur, est ce que vous avez du mal?* "Oui, Oui," groaned the Englishman, "*J'ai, j'ai un portmanteau.*"

But for the simplicity of our monetary transactions we should be sorely puzzled with the variety and multitude of the coins which are perpetually being introduced to our notice. What with rix-dollars, khron dollars, silver groschen, good groschen, thalers, kreutzers, ducats, stivers, guilders, marcs, cents, liras, batz, *cum multis aliis*, to say nothing of the fractions of each, halves, quarters, thirds, and the like, one needs to be a perambulating

compendium, or itinerant reckoner, in order to discover promptly the relative values of each. The oft-talked-of universal German currency would indeed be an acceptable boon; and though it might not be effected at once, yet it might eventually be carried out, by a gradual adoption of coins applicable to every state.

The river Trave is here too shallow for vessels of any considerable burthen; they consequently remain at a small watering-place at the mouth of the river. This is Travemunde, the Ramsgate of Lubeck, at a distance of ten miles. Were a line of rail established from this to Hamburgh, Lubeck might then occupy a more important position in the scale of towns; but the Kiel Railway has attracted all the shipping from the Trave, and Altona is flourishing in its stead. The Russian boats are almost the only ones that still retain their original station. A small steamer carries us down the river. We have a party of German students, accompanying a fellow collegier, who is about to leave them at Travemunde, to seek his fortunes in the land of the Czar. They resolve to "speed their parting" friend. A hamper of Rhenish wine is provided for the occasion, which has the decided effect of reviving their drooping spirits at the trying moment. In vain do they strive to drown sorrowing thoughts in flasks of Burgundy, and by convivial songs.

The climax is too bitter, and the parting extremely rich. Behold the hero, amidst his weeping comrades, receiving their salutations. None of your cold unmeaning application of the lips, but savoury kisses implanted on each cheek, extracting and communicating the very essence of affection. The spectators are delighted at the novelty of the proceeding. But the boat is off, and away we go. Tremendous uproar from the quay—fearful wavings of handkerchiefs and screaming valedictions from the party running along the shore. Nor is it till rendered small by distance that we see them drop off successively, and sink down on the barren sand, overcome with fatigue, and grief likewise.

“This is the very ecstasy of love,
Whose violent property foredoes itself,
And leads the will to desperate undertakings.”

—They were affectionately drunk.

The *Naslédnik*, or *Heir Apparent*, is a very fine boat, with accommodation for some seventy passengers. Fortunately for us, our party consists of about a dozen. The weather is heavenly; not a speck in the clear blue sky,—not a ripple in the dark blue water. Our passengers are queer characters, generally speaking. A Russian Prince, whom I had met some two years ago at Delhi, when on his travels in the East, and whom our

Government had looked on as a spy, and treated not very hospitably; a frisky little Dutchman from the Pays Bas, with a very volable tongue and very good cigars; a Queen's messenger; two or three other Englishmen, on the wings of travel, and full of fun and spirits; one or two Germans, in small caps, with large square shades, like the flies of a tent, plaited trousers, and meerschaums; our unhappy student, chewing the cud of reflection on the taffrail, and wearing an oilskin cap, in form like a jelly-mould; and a newly-married couple. The bride a blooming pretty girl of eighteen, who has thrown herself away on an antiquated Russian, with wig, spectacles, pimples, and paunch. They have a snug little corner by the paddle-box, and they sit billing and cooing per-



petually. The scorbutic individual has a vague suspicion that my ominous-looking sketch-book will soon have

his placid physiognomy therein depicted, and so he shuns me; but, poor gentleman, do not be alarmed, here are your portraits,—they have been safely transcribed hours and hours ago, and posterity shall give their verdict as to the resemblance.

We are now in a latitude where, at this season of the year,—

“The sweet vicissitudes of day and night”

are unknown. The sun reposes but for three or four hours, setting between ten and eleven, and then a dim twilight reigns. “Daylight is” not “long sunk under the Baltic’s broad billow” at this period; but it takes rather a lengthened holiday for the greater part of the year. We coasted the island of Gothland, but not sufficiently close to particularize the nature of the scenery; and at 2 A.M. on the third morning we descried at the distance of ten miles a Russian fleet, which we were clearly able to distinguish at that early hour, and shortly after we steamed through the double line. It consisted of eighteen sail of the line, seven frigates, sloops and steamers, comprising two of the three Baltic divisions. Having left Travemunde on the Saturday afternoon, we came in sight of the flat coast of Muscovy on the Tuesday morning, at 5 A.M., after a most delightfully smooth

and agreeable passage, and we would not leave the Naslédnik without a few words in acknowledgement of the comforts and attention we experienced from the captain during the short but pleasant trip. The table was excellent, and we leave the vessel with every wish for its prosperity; and health, wealth, and happiness to its gallant commander.

CHAPTER IV.

“Is this the region, this the soil, the clime?”

MILTON.

At the mouth of the Neva, a few miles from St. Petersburg, is the island of Cronstadt, and upon it and some smaller neighbouring islands which cluster around it, formidable batteries have been erected, one casemated one of three stories shows a triple tier of heavy guns, others are in course of construction, and every possible means of rendering the passage up the river of a hostile fleet impracticable; at present some eighty pieces of cannon can be directed against any one point, and if the artillery was well served, the attempt to force a passage might be too hazardous. Time, however, will prove whether this Rubicon can be passed—whether the batteries can even stand the discharge of so many pieces without destroying the masonry. In rear of the island are the basins where the unrigged line-of-battle ships

and merchantmen lie, and where a party boarded us to examine our passports, when we steamed away, and were rapidly nearing the imperial city of St. Petersburg. The approach up the Neva has been likened to the Hooghly at Calcutta, but to which it cannot bear a comparison, unless as in both there is an appearance of grandeur, in everything being planned on so large a scale ; the magnificent mansions that adorn Garden Reach, on approaching the City of Palaces, with their emerald lawns stretching to the water's edge, the graceful palm-trees, and luxuriant bamboo, the glow of warmth, and the air of repose, that gives a charm to the East, are all wanting here. Nothing but a gilded dome of some cathedral, and a few needle-like spires shooting up against the cold blue sky, are to be seen to attract the attention, until you arrive at the quay, and find yourself at rest.

And now we are indeed in the land of the Muscovites, we see in stern reality the scenes that we fondly pictured from our youth, as illustrative of the capital of Russia, and we gaze to see if the actual comes near our ideal fancies, but as we can view but little from the quay, we seat ourselves, like Hajji Baba, "on the hill of patience, and open the eye of astonishment upon the prospect of novelty."

The vessel is securely moored, half a regiment take possession of the gangway, and a second possé of functionaries, "drest in a little brief authority," and cocked-hats, commence upon a second edition of examination. The questions proposed are searching, the generality are asked who their respected governors may be, their Christian names, residence and occupation, their own ages, and, I believe, whether their anxious mothers were aware of their absence. Mine was sweetly short, it ran something as follows—

"*Monsieur, vous êtes officier?*"

"*Oui.*"

"*Tres bien, Monsieur, c'est assez;*" and my document was presented to me, and away I decamped, produced it at the cabin door, exhibited it at the top of the companion-ladder, opened it at the gangway, and pocketed it on the pavé. The custom-house officials next invite us to visit their department, that they may investigate our worldly goods. Here again my effects are inviolable; my cocked-hat is discovered, and again—

"*Ah vous êtes officier, pardon, Monsieur, pardon, mille pardons,*" and the fearfully rigorous examination that I had anticipated was over. But some of our friends are in a deplorable state of mind as the process of ran-

sacking is being enacted, and their property "in admired confusion" lies strewn around; it is delicious to scan the perplexed countenances, which betray a mental calculation of the probable amount of duty which will be claimed. The things are tossed about,

"Horrid confusion heaped upon confusion rose,"

some trifles are discovered, and all is over. But the assistants are not quite so ingenious in re-packing, and signally fail in restoring everything to its former position—the lid refuses to close, and a bundle of "elegant extracts" has to be made. We pay our fees, and away we go.

A boarding-house on the English quay receives us, and resigning ourselves to the tutelary charge of a commissionaire, we sally forth to take a general survey of this northern City of Palaces.

While treading the noble streets of this extensive capital, the mind naturally delights to trace the extraordinary changes that have taken place on this very scene, in such a comparatively short space of time. It was but a hundred years ago that Peter the Great, on this spot, among the habitations of a few poor Ingrian fishermen, far from the noise of cities and the turmoil of a court life, surrounded on all sides by marshes, and

attended by one single valet, first laid the foundations of this noble city. His master mind conceived the idea, marked its advantageous position, and with his own hand reared the first fabric; and now before one lies one of the finest capitals of Europe.

The view from the bridge of boats gives at one *coup d'œil* a general idea of the extent and nature of the city, as the greater number of the public buildings are visible from this point.

Before you lies the Admiralty Square, at the south of which, and facing you, stands the St. Isaac's Church, with its immense gilt dome glittering in the sun. On the right are the Senate and St. Synod's Palace; on the left the Admiralty; while in the centre of a vast square rises the celebrated colossal equestrian statue of Peter the Great, on its no less celebrated pedestal.

Traversing this immense space, and turning to the left, you find yourself on some boulevards running parallel to the face of the Admiralty, from the centre of which three long streets are seen to diverge,—these are termed the Perspectives, the left of which, the Nevskoi, is the longest, widest, and most fashionable in the city. To the left of the Admiralty stands the Palais d'Hiver, one of the largest royal residences in the world, facing which runs a crescent range of government offices, and in

the centre is the Alexander Column. After a drive through the principal streets, and a sight of the principal edifices, we are able to judge whether the description of this

“Pleasant capital of painted snows,”

has not been too brightly coloured by the generality of travellers. Dr. Clarke and others have considered it to be the finest city in the world, but in that eulogium they certainly have gone a little too far. The streets are wide, and the chief buildings are set off to the best advantage by having a sufficient space around them : whilst our buildings, which are in every way superior in themselves (defective as they are), are so blackened and built round, and lost in narrow streets, that their beauty is destroyed ; we think of the man who said “he could not see London, because there were so many houses,” he was right, for half our handsomest edifices are in this way lost to view : but we will resume the comparison on a better acquaintance with this Lithuanian Capital.

“It is upon a raw, and gusty day,
The sullen *Neva*, chafing with its shores,”

that we sally forth to survey the mirabilia of this cold metropolis. The uncouth and primitive vehicles first

attract attention. The droschky is the prevailing equipage, in form something between a bath-chair and a goat-carriage, on four sturdy, small wheels: the generality of them consisting of a narrow bench, on which you sit astride behind the driver, a seat adapted for one, but upon which three or four occasionally are to be seen



wedged, oft-times conveying sundry articles of furniture of a very domestic nature. The charioteer, or Ishvoshtshik, handles his ribbons like an old woman in an apple-cart, a rein in each hand, the arms extended, and the body thrown back as if he were driving a tiger.

The horses are a strong hardy race of animals, with

long manes and tails, and arc, generally speaking, very fast trotters, or rather amblers, having a sort of double-shuffle run. The Russian delights in driving rapidly, but the lash, which is attached to the extremity of the reins, he seldom uses, but seats himself on it, while he accelerates the speed by addressing the most endearing epithets to the general appearance of his tit: when these are ineffectual, he slaps the reins on the animal's back, and then off he darts at a bruising pace, especially when on the wood pavement,—then it becomes a matter of circumspection and ingenuity for a pedestrian to cross the street, for these machines come rolling along so silently, yet so fast, that he must keep his weather-eye open to escape being run over. However, the Jehus are excellent drivers in their way, and the rule, that whoever drives over a person forfeits his conveyance to the State, increases their vigilance, and consequently accidents rarely occur.

The private and superior droschkies exhibit a different kind of build, having a seat for two, with a small box for the Isvoshtshik. The more stylish ones sport an extra steed on the off-side, whose special duty appears to consist in putting his nostrils close to the ground and prancing about, while his friend in the shafts does the actual business, which looks very smart with showy

horses in a stylish droschky, but all the specimens we see thus figuring away are not equally gifted with the needful proportion of the high mettle; and to see a pair of bony, ricketty animals, in a shady droschky, ducking along like donkeys on a stony road, we fail to notice the beauty and grandeur in such an equipage.

A Muscovite drag is rather an out-and-out contrivance. The four nags are placed abreast, and the driver, one would imagine, would need the arms of a Briareus to handle so many reins, for he grasps four in each palm, with the fingers turned upwards, slaps them about in lieu of the whip, and with this arrangement dashes along rapidly. Occasionally they are resolved into wheelers and leaders, when the latter are piloted by a small youth, perched on the off horse. The Russian lady piques herself on the comely appearance of her juvenile postillion, as much as the London beau does on the nattiness of his tiger. The whole affair is primitive, and the style of tackling would astonish a genuine English coachman; the traces of the near horse are shortened, that the animal's head may be in the boy's lap; but the pair act as *avant couriers*, the traces being some yards in length, and the leaders may be well into a second, or even a third street, before the wheelers are clear of the first. The little Jehu in his long petticoats, elevated on

a high Cossack saddle, shouts as lustily as his little lungs suffer him, and thus dashes by at a stunning rate, this lordly turn-out bearing some foreign ambassador, or illustrious personage, huge black or white feathers streaming from the hats of the liveried *chasseurs*, who in all the majesty of black shoulder-belts and silk stockings, are clustering upon the rear.

In the imperial carriages, and in the more stylish ones, English harness has been adopted, and two postillions mounted on the proper horses, give a sort of civilized look to the affair.

The few omnibuses have also the air of originality, resembling Wombwell's caravans in size : they are drawn by four diminutive steeds, and seem well calculated to be converted into a commodious stable for the four "attachés," at a moment's notice. Our eyes are at times refreshed with the sight of a real English gig, and even a dog-cart, and we have ineffable delight in beholding a well-appointed cab in this land of queer equipages.

Carriages remind me of the carriage-ways, which are anything but ways of pleasantness, and you may seek in vain all over Europe for a more atrocious road ; throw a number of large pointed stones together, intersperse with a few planks, and you have St. Petersburg pavement. The snow lying on it so deep for many months

in the year, when sledges only are used, prevents the care being taken of it that it would otherwise receive ; the foundations are rotten, but the fact is, the sub-structure is not made properly, originally : and secondly, the stones are inserted with the longest and broadest surfaces exposed uppermost, so that they have no hold, and the least concussion sends them flying out, causing frightful chasms in all directions. Away the traveller starts, the small wheels of the droschky plunge into these orifices, and he finds himself all but shot out, or else jerked against the more experienced and better seated isvoshtshik, thus, to say the least, suffering fearfully from contagion with his animalicular caftan, and recovering his seat, but to be ejected as summarily the ensuing instant ; thus is he jolted mercilessly, and he applies epithets such as execrable, purgatorial, popish, or whatever may equally imply anything diabolical.

In the wood-pavement the cubes also sink and similar gulfs are created, and so the fits of saltation will not cease on traversing this species of roadway, for stray planks are constantly thrown across, and the Isvoshtshik charges these with the energy of a huntsman taking a post and rail ; but it is capital exercise, and for a proper circulation of the blood a droschky drive in the imperial city is as beneficial as a constitutional promenade.

The Nevskoi is the Regent Street of St. Petersburg: here all the finest shops are to be found, and it is the principal thoroughfare in the city. The length is some two miles; but it is only in the first mile, from the Admiralty, that there are the good shops and handsome buildings. Here much of Russian life is to be seen. Costumes of nations from the far East, West, and South are to be met with. The Tartar, the Circassian, Poles, Egyptians, Arabs, Persians, and Chinese pass quietly along among the caftaned tribes of Russia's children; the guardsman, in his grey cloak, rattles past in his droschky; some rich grandee rolls swiftly by in his coach and four; troopers, trotting along at a swingeing pace, bear dispatches to the camp; and all are busily stirring about, save a few isvoshtshiks, who, taking a slight contingency of sleep on their comfortless vehicles, are standing by the wayside, awaiting some fare.

In England our shopkeepers placard in letters of every devisable figure and size the articles that are to be found within for sale; the American goes beyond this, for on the pavement, in front of their houses, is engraved in large letters the name of the firm, as also the business transacted within; but the Russian improves upon both, for he has a regard for such individuals whose education has been so far neglected as to prevent their being able

to read. They exhibit large boards covered with very lively representations in colour of what they sell. And as it happens that every room in a large house is often occupied by persons who indulge in very different matters of trade, it follows that the whole exterior of the building is embellished with a mass of illuminated planks.

On the lowest tier you may see some picturesque loaves, portraying the fact that a baker hangs out below; above it is a board displaying every article of a lady's apparel in all its simplicity, objects never before exposed to the vulgar eye of man. Two-pair-front delights in exhibiting original likenesses of cheeses, candles, pats of butter, bacon, ham, and the like. His back neighbour, being a military snip, displays a pictorial board upon which flourish coats, flaming helmets, and unexceptionable pantaloons. Lastly, moving in the higher circles of life, suspends a bookbinder and a shoemaker, whose boots, slippers, goloshes, &c., decorate the region of chimney-tops. A visit to your three-pair-back may be delightful with the thermometer below zero, but on a Russian July day the "Attic trip" is anything but desirable. But many of these worthies, blest with a luxuriant fertility of imagination, are not content with a mere representation of the articles themselves, but exercise ingenuity in directing their artists to depict tableaux,

in which their bright ideas are carried out. Thus a barber presents a scene of an oblong gentleman undergoing the depilatory operation ; the screwing up of the face is life itself. Again, our friend the shoemaker, in addition to his boots and slippers, discloses to view a scene in his shop. A fashionable young lady is trying on a pair of satin shoes, and has raised her foot to admire it. Perhaps her ankle, so liberally exposed, is a thought too thick. A little urchin, on the left, seated on an amazingly high chair, is kicking his little feet very vigorously, as he views with delight his new red boots. While in the background, are some fascinating gay deceivers, shod in the most approved fashion, and smiling blandly, to shew how comfortable they feel in their new boots, as nothing like pinching or tightness is thought of. Thus all the trades have their occupations and results illustrated, displaying a collection, perhaps in some degree better, than what we are wont to see annually exhibited, under the title of modern pictures, beneath the pepper-boxes at Trafalgar Square, with the additional benefit that you may feast your eyes upon them gratuitously.

CHAPTER V.

*“Turrets and terraces, and glittering spires,
Many a fair edifice besides.”*

MILTON.

THE marriage of the Grand Duchess Olga, with the Crown Prince of Wurtemberg is to take place in a few days. On the Empress's birth-day the event is to come off; so that the usual fêtes and rejoicings will be considerably increased, and the whole affair is expected to be very splendid, the more so as the two previous occasions appointed for Court festivities had been set aside by the untimely death of two of the Emperor's daughters, whose loss had caused universal sorrow. To witness these fêtes was a principal reason for my hastening to be present at this season of the year, in preference to the winter; and this morning I have been honoured with an invitation from the Grand Master of the Ceremonies, “to take part in the celebration of the marriage,” and to be present at all the balls, fêtes, &c., which are to be held at Peterhoff, where apartments at the Palace will

be ready for my reception. Some days, however, will elapse before the marriage takes place, and, therefore, attended by our faithful Achates, we continue our researches amidst the rich and rare.

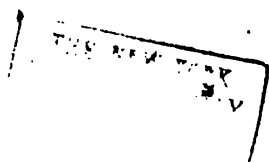
The gem of the Imperial City, the finest and costliest, is the new St. Isaac's Church, the fame of which has resounded far and wide. For the last sixty years the good citizens of St. Petersburg have witnessed its building, its falling down, and rebuilding. The exterior has at last been completed; but ten years more will most probably elapse before the interior is finished. In this, again, travellers have been run away with by their admiration, and have pronounced it to be the finest Christian temple in the world. But those travellers assuredly could never have seen St. Peter's, St. Paul's, the Cathedrals of Milan, Strasburg, or even the fragment at Cologne; to none of which it can be fairly brought in comparison. The most costly it may be; but millions were expended on the foundations, which are on a swamp, millions on the marbles and gilding, and no doubt another million will be required before it is ultimately completed.

In form it is the Byzantine Greek style of architecture, with the stunted equal arms of the Greek cross, with a dome, lantern, and bell. Before each of the equal arms are Corinthian octastyle porticos, with a double inter-

columniation, the grand entrance having a treble intercolumniation. The pediments are ornamented with some splendid alto-relievos in bronze, and the columns are formed of monoliths of red granite, polished, fifty-six feet high, and surmounted with gilt capitals. A single doorway, as in the Athenian temples, adds to the effect. The dome is elevated on a tambour, with a Corinthian peristyle, like St. Paul's, each column, as in the portico below, being a monolith. The dome is entirely gilt, and between it and the tambour is a bronze balustrade, upon which are twelve figures of angels, each nine feet high. Twelve colossal statues of the Apostles in bronze are now being cast to stand upon the porticos. The walls are red granite, the roofing of copper, and the gilding of the dome is by the mercurial process, the addition of heat causing the mercury to evaporate, when the gold comes out in all its lustre.

The height of the ball is about fifty feet lower than St. Paul's. Such is the exterior. Within nothing is finished. One lateral shrine is painted, to show the proposed effect, as it will appear with the various marbles, paintings, and gildings. The designs for the doors are most masterly productions; entire figures of the Apostles larger than life, in niches, and elaborately decorated, embellish each panel. The whole to be of bronze. But the





most gorgeous and expensive part will be the magnificent malachite columns. We have seen them in an unfinished state. They are made of copper, fluted, and then covered with a thin layer of the precious ore, and highly polished. The effect will be superb, the concentric stripes of the metal are most tastefully arranged, and the vivid green makes it resemble jasper. Such is, or rather will be, the St. Isaac's Church, and for a "temple made with hands," one of the costliest in Europe. Mr. Baird, one of our countrymen, is the owner of the extensive iron-foundry, and under his directions the entire roof, and all the bronze and iron-work, have been constructed. Through his kindness we were enabled to examine every part of this superb building.

From the summit an extensive view of the city, "*sub uno intuitu*," is to be had. The town has a very cleanly appearance, but the environs are flat and unpicturesque. Cronstadt, with its fleet, is in the distance. The placid Neva, rolling its glittering waters from the Lake Ladoga, is seen below you. The spires of numerous churches, with their gilt or azure domes, spring up around. Across the river lies the fortress, or rather the citadel, there towers on high the gilded spire of its church, there the mint, the royal palaces, the academies, the sheds, those cradles of the fleet, the bustling streets, teeming

with a busy population, whose buzz and din you hear even from so far, lay outstretched before you. And then you reflect that but a few years have passed since it was but a mere morass, peopled by a few poor Ingrian fishermen, and that now such a degree of wealth and splendour should have usurped its place. A wondrous instance of the power and industry of man. In this, however, we trace the indomitable energy of *one* determined individual, to whose unbending spirit every obstacle seemed but a fresh impulse to renewed exertion. To Peter the Great this city owes not only its birth but its rearing; for, without his untiring efforts, the fortress alone might have remained, still surrounded by the fisher's huts. We may look to the "far West," and there find cities sprung up within a few years under the hands of an enlightened and energetic race of people; but here the case was very different,—it was the work of one man, after having had but a glimpse of European civilization, endeavouring to introduce that civilization among semi-barbarous hordes, on a spot, too, where Nature herself offered a thousand obstacles and disadvantages. And he did introduce it. Catherine II. embellished what Peter had commenced. Fifty years ago the city was almost as extensive as it now is; but it requires rulers like Peter and Catherine to make it keep pace with the improvements of Western Europe.

The cathedral was dedicated to St. Isaac because Peter was born on the day consecrated to that saint. In the Russian calendar each day is marked out as under the protection of some different one, to whom all who are born on that day must do homage. Everybody carries about his person a metal image of this tutelary saint, as did the ancient Egyptians; while in every room, as in every cabin of a vessel, the traveller may observe, decked out in finery, and illuminated with candles, the Russian's idol, or Bogh, to which tinselled effigy he first makes obeisance, crossing himself at the same time, before he addresses any living person present.

Their superstition however is beneficial in some respects, for in the bazars, at the hour of closing their houses, one may see the shopkeeper fastening his warehouse by a simple string with a seal attached: this seal is sacred, superstition rendering it inviolate, and the goods are as secure as if under bars and bolts. Before leaving his threshold he turns to his Bogh, and offers up his thanksgiving and prayers.

The Russian has two festive days in his private calendar. The first his birth-day; but the more important one is his namesday, which is the anniversary of the saint whose name he has adopted, when he receives

offerings, and an interchange of presents is made throughout the domestic circle.

Our next exploit is to initiate ourselves into the mysteries of the Russian bath, which is somewhat similar to the Turkish in its mode of operation. Gentle reader, imagine yourself disrobing in a room pleasantly warm; from this you will pass into one of an improved temperature, and thence into a third, the heat of which, a concentrated essence of tropics, will make you gasp again. A dense vapour rises from the heated stoves beneath the grating under you, and for your especial benefit stages are erected at different heights, upon which you may stand or recline to enjoy various degrees of heat. Then there is an hirsute individual who will take inordinate pleasure in lathering your "human form divine" with soap-suds, and flagellating you with twigs, and occasionally kneading the tenderest parts of your exuding frame with his bony knuckles. After which it will be your fate to undergo a forcible immersion in the coldest water, when you are suffered to lie at peace in the adjoining room. Then it behoves you to become oblivious of all sublunary matters, and to elevate your ideas from a mundane existence to Paradise and the seventh heaven. Such will be the course of events if you can stand the birch-brooming and other manuary pum-

melling to which you will be subjected. For my part one act is usually omitted in the performance, for by a rather rapid and unanticipated extension of my leg, the operator becomes suddenly disposed of, being projected with considerable emphasis into the adjacent corner. For me the vapour is sufficiently refreshing and exhilarating, and carries me sufficiently far on the high road to Elysium, without the concomitant processes. Such is the more refined method of bathing in Russia, which civilisation has introduced into the capital; but the primitive style is still preserved in the villages of the Imperial dominions, where delicacy is a word unknown, and where in the same bath-room both male and female congregate together *intra muros*, in a state of absolute nudity, assisting each other in their ablutions with unblushing assiduity.

In every village there is the public bath, which consists of a single large room furnished with jars of water and a number of stones, under which a fire is ignited. On the stones becoming well heated, water is thrown on them, when the steam is generated that fills the room. Then with branches of fir and birch the bathers rub and scrub each other—fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, and strangers in human miscellany, assisting one another in Teutonic barbarity. When

sufficiently mollified, the parties rush out into the cold air, and plunge and roll together in the snow.

Besides these, on the north bank of the river, there are numerous floating baths for the poorer brethren of the human family of St. Petersburg. Urged with a laudable desire for gratifying curiosity, we ventured to inspect their internal arrangements. We bore innocently down to one which happened to be set apart for the gentler sex. The enigma of words, which stated such to be the case, we were unfortunately unable to read. We, however, opened the outer door, and tapped at the inner one, which was immediately flung aside at the summons, when lo and behold what was there! The pen and pencil drop at the very remembrance. Suffice it to say, we were grievously mistaken. The startled nymphs at once got up extemporary shrieks, and the janitrix was very irate, uttering probably her choicest Sclavonian Billingsgate, at our accidental intrusion, as we retreated precipitately from the sacred spot, deserving as we did the fate of Actæon.

During the summer months when

“ Surly winter passes off
Far to the north,”

the fashionable world leave the noise and bustle of the

metropolis and migrate to their rural residences, which are situated in all directions around the capital, at distances varying from three to twenty miles, but no spot is more favoured than the islands which lie to the north of the Neva. These are studded with most picturesque looking villas, while the scenery around is pretty. A nice little theatre is here, where a French company perform vaudevilles. But to hear a play in the vernacular tongue of Russia we adjourn to the Alexander Theatre. This house stands in a fine open space, in the Nevskoi perspective, and has a handsome exterior; within it is not much smaller than Covent Garden, badly lighted, and displaying a "beggarly account of empty boxes." But in this country, as in France, the Government expend a large amount in theatrical amusements, so it becomes a matter of little moment to the manager or actors whether the house is well filled or not. The acting is very fair; the piece is a comedy with plenty of amusing incidents, so that we can trace a scholium. An unfortunate Englishman is the hero, personified by a character with red hair, a straw hat, blue coat and brass buttons, nankeens, and gaiters, a ludicrous caricature; but he is very dröll and makes mistakes continually on a journey, exciting unsmotherable laughter on the part of the audience. An extensive assortment of eyes are concen-

trated upon us, as we sit in the stalls, and they behold us as merry and laughing as heartily as themselves, and "Anglitsky, Anglitsky," is whispered about. However in the end the Briton gets the best of it, as he generally does everywhere, and the piece terminates.

To those who have never been in this latitude at this season of the year, the want of darkness will be particularly striking. Coming out of the theatre at eleven o'clock, it was still broad daylight, and with almost as many persons moving about, one might fancy it was many hours earlier.

"A melancholy halo, scarce allowed
To hover on the verge of darkness,"

reigned; and on going to bed, at a reasonable hour, it was impossible to prevent the light rushing in at the crevices of the shutters, and you have lively reminiscences of the London season, and of the sun-rising hour as generally accorded for seeking repose, after the usual nocturnal dissipation. This morning we have been *doing* more sights, and engaged a boat for the purpose of dropping down the Neva to the quay facing our door. A Russian waterman is a queer kind of biped, in a smock-frock, tightened at the waist, Hessian boots, and with a shaggy, grizzly, uncombed beard. The boats are also

novel in construction; the oars between the rullocks and handles have a mass of wood to act as a balance and assist in the stroke; the whole craft being very uncouth. Occasionally the water is very rough, when these boats stand the waves uncommonly well, and the boatmen



manage them very adroitly. From there being but one bridge near the west end, these boats are the principal means employed for crossing the river, and hundreds of them are constantly to be seen ferrying passengers across.

From the centre of the Neva, and opposite to the Exchange, we have decidedly the finest view of St. Pe-

tersburgh. The clear broad river, as wide as the Thames at Blackfriars, edged with a magnificent line of granite quays, extends as far as the eye can reach. Behind these, on the one side, are a range of palaces and noble edifices; on the other the fort and a line of well-built houses. From this point alone, St. Petersburg may be likened to Calcutta. The Hermitage, the Winter Palace, the Admiralty, the Marble Palace, and the English Quay, extend side by side. The finest work, however, is the splendid range of granite quays; in the whole city there are no less than twenty miles of this stone embankment, and such as is now proposed to build along the Thames, which will undoubtedly be a grand improvement to our city, but until there is a fine range of edifices behind them, not one less elegant than Somerset House, no part of the Thames will bear a comparison with the Neva at this point of St. Petersburg.

In the open space of ground facing the south of the Winter Palace, stands the Etat Major, or Government offices, a crescent range of brick and plaster buildings; and in front of this is the Alexander Column, raised to the memory of the late Emperor. It consists of a Doric column, formed of a monolith of red granite, eighty-four feet high, with a bronze capital, surmounted by an

hemisphere, upon which stands an angel, pointing upwards with the right hand, and crushing a serpent beneath a cross with the other; the basement is decorated with alto relievos, and the shaft is highly polished, the total height being some 150 feet.

On the other side of the river, and close to the fort, is the Exchange, or Birzha, where the mercantile world daily pursue their occupation. The building is a very poor one for such a capital, though for the commerce of the place amply sufficient. In form it is a peripteral decastyle of the Roman Doric order, and in front of it are two rostral columns, with representations of the prows of ships taken in action.

Sunday morning.—An English chapel is on the Quai Anglais. In Russia all denominations of religion are tolerated. Those of the Greek Church imagining that all creeds will find a place in heaven, but that the best are reserved for the Russians, a doctrine which if not perfectly orthodox, is at any rate a more Christian one than that which condemns to everlasting perdition all who may not be within the pale of her communion, as in the Romish creed. A Protestant place of worship was only suffered on condition that exteriorly the edifice should be like a private dwelling, which it is. The chapel is in "a large upper room" furnished with

pews, altar, pulpit, and the simple appurtenances of our religion.

The men are separate from the women, as in the service of the holy fathers. It is the Sabbath; but in vain do we listen for "the sound of the church-going bell," yet we are grateful that in a land of superstition we are permitted, (how unlike intolerant Rome,) to have our temple even within the walls of the city, unpolluted with those modern encrustations that disguise the purity of the primitive worship. The Greek is similar in many respects to the Romish religion, though its doctrines savour more of the principles of the Reformation. It allows the Scriptures to be read in the native language, disclaims the Pope as universal spiritual lord and master, and refuses to admit images; however, it sanctions the adoration of pictures, which is but a subtle distinction, for the face and hands alone are of colour, while the drapery of the figure is of silver in deep relief. Let them resort to sophistry, and assert that they see not the actual but the ideal, that it is merely to excite devotional feelings; the uneducated, however, can never draw so fine a distinction, and that "thou shalt not *bow down* to the *likeness* of anything," is not to be mistaken. But it is pleasant to turn from them to our simply garnished temple, where we may assemble in worship as did the early Christians of

the four first centuries, freed from the corruptions of that new religion which then sprung up appealing solely to the senses, with its gaudy but rank and poisonous weeds, luxuriantly flourishing, and concealing the pure faith well nigh destroyed. Thanks to God, in the sixteenth century, the goodly herb raised its head once more, and in our country still flourishes. In Russia, however, as in Rome, these deadly weeds grow thick and strong; blind superstition wages war with lively faith, and the "One Mediator" is neglected that homage may be paid to a thousand saints, and the visible representation worshipped where the *Invisible* claims it for his own. "God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." They should picture to themselves a God in their minds, engraven in the "fleshy tables of the heart," and they would then require no figure, no painting, no work, "the work of men's hands," to excite their feelings or increase their devotion.

To witness the ceremonies of this Eastern Church, any thing but reverential feelings are produced in the mind of the stranger. The rapidity with which the priests gabble over the services, which are excessively tedious, must render them perfectly unintelligible to any of the hearers. On all sides you see the congregation prostrating themselves before the picture designed to repre-

sent the saint whom they more especially patronize, the officiating priest swinging the golden censer so dexterously its aroma ascending before the gorgeous shrine, others bringing fresh tapers, and sticking them alight before the painting of their guardian patron, crossing their breasts most vigorously, expressing intense devotedness. Vocal music only is permitted, and that in general is very good. The candles, different to those in the Romish Church, which taper upwards, are largest at the top, typical of the light from above diminishing as it descends; these are perpetually burning before the principal pictures. The clergy are divided into secular and regular; from the latter the dignitaries of the Church are always selected, and who must lead a life of celibacy; the former are the parish priests, and must of necessity keep St. Paul's injunction, that they be the husband of one wife; After her death, they are incapacitated from sacred functions, when a monastery becomes their refuge; however, by the permission of the bishop, this incapability can be removed; but should they marry again, they are excluded irrecoverably from the altar. Generally speaking, they are an illiterate race, an intimate acquaintance with the forms and ceremonies of their Church comprises the extent of their knowledge; and, like the priests of the Latin Church, they think nothing of imposing upon the

ignorance and credulity of the people, for the purpose of enriching themselves ; nor can it be wondered at, when we consider how perfectly inadequate are their stipends, barely sufficient for subsistence. Were it not for the free-will offerings, fees for the various rites of baptisms, marriages, and funerals, the poor clergy could not exist. The incomes of some of the highest dignitaries are not equal to thirty pounds a year of our money. What a different state of things to those palmy times for the monks, before Peter the Great abolished the patriarchate and established the synod, when in the plenitude of power they were the possessors of enormous wealth, when the superstition of the people was greater than it is now, and when high and low, rich and poor, in the hopes of obtaining eternal life, renounced their worldly possessions, and bestowed them on the monasteries, Catherine II. appropriating the whole of their property for the benefit of the crown. This was the climax to their impoverishment. The ecclesiastical duties are extremely laborious; but the clergy have in return some especial privileges: exemption from taxes, even the capitation for their children, who are usually brought up in the same sacred calling. They always wear their clerical attire, sporting beards, and long hair flowing over their shoulders, in true patriarchal style. The confessional is as lucrative to the sacerdotal

pocket here, as it is at Rome. The old story of the wealthy noble is applicable, and may be repeated as an illustration of the purchase of absolution. The priest came to hear the disclosures of the rich man's sins, "Holy Father," says the noble, "are you blest with a good memory?"

"Yes," replied the reverend minister.

"Then you remember what I told you at my last confession; since then I have had the same temptations from without, the same weakness from within; and here are the same number of rubles."

Previous to interment, amongst other heathenish and superstitious ceremonies that are still extant, is that of placing money in one hand of the deceased, and in the other a paper bearing the signature of the priest. The former is the obolus for the benefit of Charon, and the latter (at least considered so by the uneducated) is a passport to St. Peter, stating that the departed one has received the last sacred rite of religion, and is worthy of a glorious eternity. In this, as in a hundred other ways, do the priesthood hold a sinful ascendancy over the unhappy dupes whose souls are in their keeping.

In the Nevskoi perspective stands the Kazan Church, which is at present, and will be until the completion of the St. Isaac's Cathedral, the principal ecclesiastical

building in St. Petersburg. The exterior is handsome, having a Corinthian hexastyle portico, with a carved colonnade extending from each side like St. Peter's, at Rome, but which, in its connection with the portico, has some architectural defects. The interior is rich in gilding and superstitious trumpery.

“Bruised arms hung up for monuments,”

decorate the walls, and standards and other trophies of war are piled around: a few French eagles may be seen among the mass of Turkish banners and horsetails. Behind the high altar is the ikonostas, or screen, which conceals the Holy of Holies, where the golden crucifix, bible, and sacred vessels borne by the priests in the grand processions, are preserved, with a few yards of Kidderminster, which would be sacrilege for a layman to touch. This screen is the most gorgeously decorated part of the building, and on which hangs the picture of the Saviour and Virgin. The minor churches on this side of the water have their cerulean domes, spangled with stars, to represent the canopy of heaven; the interior of all are very similar to each other. In the fort, however, is another of these sacred edifices, with a gilded needle-like spire shooting up on high, which glitters from afar. Beneath its roof repose the remains of Russia's Autocrats, and

their immediate relations. Simple and unpretending, these mausoleums lie side by side; a mere name distinguishing the rulers of a heathen race from those of more enlightened times. The two daughters of the present Emperor are here interred, and their simple tombs are ever covered with fresh flowerets weaved into wreaths and placed there by some among the thousands who mourn the loss of these fair girls. Here, as in the Kazan Church, the walls are adorned with "the boast of heraldry, the pomp of power," standards taken in action, with arms, marshal's batôns, drums, and other paraphernalia of war.

CHAPTER VI.

“ Rites matrimonial solemnized with pomp
Of sumptuous banquets.”

COWPER.

THE Wedding-morn has ushered itself in ; we have been drenched with rain for the last week, but happily to-day the sun has risen most gloriously—not a cloud to throw the slightest shadow on the proceedings. Nature smiles most benignantly, resolved to join in the festivities of the occasion ; and sunshine bestows its cheering auspices for the union of the happy pair.

The “ *οι πολλοι* ” in thousands are steaming towards Peterhoff, the gay and festive scene. The Palace stands, prettily situated on a rising ground, near the west bank of the Neva, opposite to Cronstadt, the distance by land or water being much the same, some twenty miles, but as the simplest and most economical mode is by steam, nearly all the world prefer the water-route, and we join the throng. The fare is a silver ruble, and five thousand

take advantage of this means of conveyance in the boats belonging to one of our countrymen, on the first morning of the fête, realizing above 700*l.* in a few hours. We have a motley crew, stowed as thick as pigs in an Irish packet; two or three insane horns and an asthmatic clarionet are engaged upon a polka, while a fiddle endeavours to collect spare coins, but his efforts are futile—his fiddlestick might possibly edge through the crowd, but the poor little punchy man is perpetually a fixture. The horns are indefatigable, all are very merry, and on we go, thinking it capital.

A rival boat tries to preserve its start, but we shoot by it, and Russian facetiæ oozes forth. But the merriment turns into alarm, when we see another boat in imminent peril. Anticipating a number of passengers, the owners had taken out a quantity of ballast, and after starting and going down the stream, from being overweighted above, she rolls gunwale under; the shrieks of the females are awful, but all remain steady, and providentially the boat regains the edge of the quay, and the passengers disembark. Five hundred persons are thus rescued from a watery grave. At a previous fête a more disastrous calamity did occur; it was then a most brilliant day, the water as smooth as glass, when hundreds were tempted to go in small boats: they were but half across,

when a terrific squall came on, and cleared the bay of every boat; it was calculated that more than a thousand lives were lost in those few minutes. To prevent the recurrence of such a misfortune, no small vessels are now permitted to venture across.

Two hours' steaming, and we are at the pier of Peterhoff. I find myself in a droschky, but knowing as much Russ as a Muscovite does of Sanscrit, I am puzzled in the explanation of my intended proceedings. But "Anglitsky Dvoretz," on the fiftieth pronunciation, enlightens the Isvoshtshik, who forthwith drives me to the land of promise. I find myself winding through a park laid out in English style, with tortuous walks, trees in clumps, and water gliding in sinuosities along. This park, with its palace, lies a short distance from the Imperial residence, and on this occasion the foreign ambassadors and guests found quarters prepared for them.

At twelve o'clock we are all in uniform, and a number of royal carriages convey us to the scene where the nuptial ceremonies are to be performed.

Assembled with the Diplomatic Corps in a room adjoining the vestibule that leads to the chapel, we witness the arrival of the chief officers of state, and we have the pleasure of meeting those whose names have

been long familiar to us as renowned in diplomacy, or in the more glorious art of war.

Now a novel scene to English eyes takes place, the kiss of congratulation is bandied about, a small “political” on tiptoe is here enjoying the muscular embrace of a grenadier—there an oblong secretary is bestowing a



savoury kiss on each cheek of a wiry hussar. All species of labial salutation are being perpetrated, the kiss oblique, the kiss direct, and the hearty smack, are being implanted on whiskered cheeks, stubbled chins, and moustached lips, in all directions. The “kiss of peace” is delightful in theory, and practically to kiss a

very pretty face, or some object of your affection, is remarkably pleasant and agreeable; but when one has to salute every male of one's acquaintance, the nuisance is only equalled by one's having to be the recipient of such universal osculation, especially as one good kiss would not be a sufficient relish to compensate for the thousand bad ones that one would inevitably have to undergo. Our non-kissing English custom is the most acceptable by far. This lively operation continues for an hour, when the heralds proclaim the advance of the Royal Family. Ushers, golden-sticks, and silk-stockings lead the way, then follow the Emperor and Empress, with aides-de-camp, the Grand Duke Heretier, the Grand Duchess Marie, and the Prince of Prussia, and then the happy pair, the Grand Duchess Olga and the Crown Prince of Wurtemberg. The former wears white satin, and a crown of diamonds; the latter a Russian colonel's uniform. The bride's three younger brothers, Constantine, Nicholas, and Michael, follow, when the Emperor's brother and Prince Oscar of Sweden next appear, and lastly a train of ladies-in-waiting.

The chiefs of the diplomatic circle have previously taken the places assigned to them in the chapel, which unfortunately is too small to allow of all the visitors witnessing the whole of the ceremony. So, as last of the

procession, we catch but a glimpse of the proceedings. The bride looks lovely, the archbishop very gorgeous in his robes, the priests very devout, the spectators very much interested. High mass is performed, hymns are chanted, incense swung about, candles glitter, choristers sing lustily. A pair of turtle-doves, or two young pigeons, emblems of the Holy Spirit, are let loose ; they flutter about ; two crowns are held over the heads of the young couple ; the benediction is given ; the happy ones drink together from the same cup,—and pace three times hand-in-hand round the altar ; the *Te Deum* is chanted—the assembly prostrate themselves on one knee ; the archbishop bestows a blessing, the Emperor kisses his hand in submission to his spiritual power ; the guns without boom loud and long their gratulations, announcing to the assembled throng that the marriage knot is tied indissolubly. The saluting process is revived, the relations and interested parties kiss each other and everybody, the bride and bridegroom embrace, the Empress throws herself into the arms of the Emperor, the sisters and brothers join in the fun, and so the affair terminates ; the heralds proclaim the close of the ceremony, and the procession retires in the order of its advance. The beauty of the bride has not been extolled too highly, she is very like her handsome father, with

light hair, lovely complexion, sweet blue eyes "made to love," and a fine majestic figure. She appears the picture of happiness, the tears that conventionally flow on such occasions have all been shed at the ceremony of the betrothal that took place some ten days previously, so that all at present is sunshine and smiles. The Empress, who has benefited so much by her Neapolitan visit, is looking well, and is able to join in the festivities.

At four o'clock there is a grand dinner, everything in kingly style; during which, and not after dinner, as is our fashion, we rise and drink to the health of their "Imperial Majesties," "*Les Nouveaux Mariés*," "The Royal Family," and, lastly, "The clergy and the faithful subjects of the Emperor." The band, after each toast, playing some appropriate airs. "God save the Emperor" is a beautiful composition, and rivals our own national anthem.

A drive in the park of the Palais Anglais, in a drag belonging to our Secretary of Legation, is a relief after the heated rooms of the palace. The park is quite English, though naturally level. There are artificial undulations that give an agreeable diversity, and the shrubberies, palings, lodges, &c., transport one to the "little Island."

Half-past eight, and behold us once more assembled under the Imperial roof; "the halls of dazzling light" are illumined; the band thunders forth the national anthem; the stately doors are thrown open, and the Royal Family enter. The Emperor leads the bride by the hand, and traverses the room *à la Polonoise*, in all directions; the other members of the party do the same, and we are reminded of the race-course, when the horses are led round for the edification of gaping admirers, all feasting their eyes on the illustrious personages who so condescendingly perform the part of peripatetics for their amusement. This, like everything else, has an end, when the Emperor draws near to where the visitors are standing; and passes along, the Chamberlain introducing us severally to him. He condescends to ask us various questions as to our corps, service, &c., and is most courteous and affable in manner. The soldier he loves; and to a foreign officer coming any distance to see his troops, he is more like a friend, liberal and generous to a degree. His person is too well known in England, since his late visit, to require a description. The fair sex declare him to be the handsomest man in Europe, and who can gainsay their judgment? Age, however, has begun to tell her work, and the loss of some teeth causes him to lisp. It is

curious to watch his clear, piercing, blue eye preserve its stern glance, though a smile plays upon his other features. The hair is daily thinning from his expansive brow, and his once splendid figure is becoming rather corpulent. His eldest son, the Grand Duke Hérétier, is very like his father. Tall and handsome, and well fitted to represent his noble parent when time shall have borne him to another world, or the hour of his abdication shall have arrived, for, according to Russian law, no Emperor can hold the sceptre for more than twenty-five years.

The assembly now separates, and discarding spurs and epaulettes, and official finery, we join the diplomatic body now wrapped in private-life paletôts, and plunge into the crowd to see the illuminations, preparatory to the morrow's grand display. It is Vauxhall on a magnified scale, with a greater proportion of the unwashed. The smell of garlic and oil is prodigious. The crowd most orderly, and astonishingly polite, which is the characteristic of the nation. If you tread upon a person's foot, the sufferer instantly apologizes for having interrupted your progress by putting his foot in your way. We steal through the passive throng and return to repose beneath the palatial roof.

Fitz B. had forgotten to bring his uniform, so, unfortunate fellow, he is prevented from participating in

the hospitalities offered to us. As for the Oxford man, his civil profession precludes his admission to this great Northern military court.

The second morning of the fête breaks, and we have another lovely day, but an occasional shower, like the tear in beauty's eye, makes the sun shine all the brighter. A grand parade is the first on the programme of amusements. We adjourn to the ground at the sound of the assëmbly.

The "Chevalier Garde," or "Empress's own Regiment," dismounted, forms two sides of a square. The Corps of Cadet occupies a third, and a brilliant staff awaits the arrival of the Emperor in the centre. This cavalry corps is the Emperor's pride, and is the flower of his Household Brigade. The finest men in the army are drafted into it, and their uniform and appointments are superb. The men are as nearly as possible of the same height, and uniformity is carried out to an absurd extent. Those whose upper lips are so disloyal as not to be productive of a sufficient growth of hair, are corked and painted, that all may look alike; and the expenditure of cotton must be immense, for one man is taken as a standard, and the rest are padded all over to bring them out to that shape and size. Such a youthful regiment I have seldom seen, and consequently the black brush is

in great requisition. At a little distance the effect is splendid, and even when close, the making up is so admirably done, that it is difficult to distinguish the really muscular from the stuffed and bolstered men of war. The uniform is very similar to our Life Guards, but white, with silver appointments; and instead of our plume in the helmet they wear the spread eagle, which makes a most beautiful and becoming military head dress. Instead of the cuirass, on this occasion, they wore a red coverlet, with a yellow star in the front, an old usage still preserved on state occasions.

The Emperor appears as colonel of the regiment, and in which uniform he looks by far the best. He is followed by his aides-de-camp; he inspects the troops as he passes along; those he has inspected set up a mechanical shout, a sort of howl of approval (very different from the hearty cheer we hear from British troops). This howl continues perpetually increasing in volume, till the whole are reviewed, when, passing to the centre, the Emperor waves his royal gauntlet, and a death-like stillness prevails. The army is a sort of automaton; every eye is centred upon him; he pulls the wires by a nod or look, and the machine performs its work. The religion which teaches them that "God and the Emperor" are the first to be revered, gives them the idea

that in that capacity their king is more than human, and they worship him accordingly; the abject slavery of the Russian to his Emperor is astonishing; a due and becoming respect to the Sovereign is praiseworthy, but a cringing servitude is despicable. The Russian uncovers his head on the approach of his Emperor, and remains so until he takes his departure, which may not be for hours, still it would be sacrilege to cover the head in his august presence.

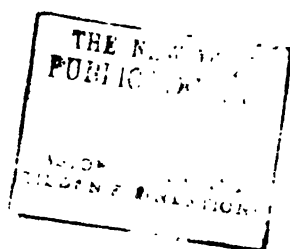
The Empress now arrives in her carriage, and drives past the ranks, welcoming her soldiers with approving smiles. The Cadet Corps is a fine body of youths, and brought up from early life as private soldiers, they are well trained in the school of arms. They wear the Russian infantry helmet, with black horsehair plumes. This is an improvement on the Prussian, the difference consisting in the peak, which is pointed in the old Grecian style, and it is a remarkably handsome head-dress. It would be admirably adapted for the Native Army in India, and, besides looking most military, it fits the head like a skull-cap, and in every way is superior to the present clumsy, weighty, top-heavy chakoes now in use. This corps is under the immediate eye of the Grand Duke Michael, who takes great pride in the martial advancement of the rising generation. After the

inspection the corps march past in open column of troops and companies, in quick time. For cavalry the line and wheel are tolerably well preserved. The small Cadets, with their little legs, have to keep the regulation step, and they follow the towering guardsmen, making strenuous strides to preserve the distance.

This scene performed, the Emperor and Staff adjourn to the terrace on the northern side of the palace, where, in the gallery leading to the chapel, are the Empress and ladies of the Court. Some files from various regiments are to exhibit their drill. The two young Grand Dukes are among them, the former, Nicholas, in the uniform of a lancer, and Michael as a carabineer, with some Cuirassiers and Circassians. First, the well-training of the chargers is shown forth; they walk, trot, canter, change feet in motion, passage, retire, advance, wheel, and so on. The Russian charger is overtrained, and so much thrown on his haunches that the paces are ruined, and he becomes like a rocking-horse. Generally speaking, they are splendid animals, and perhaps no cavalry in the world is better mounted than the Russian; those in the "Chevalier Garde," and "Garde à Cheval," are superb creatures. These two corps have a slight difference, as in our Life Guards and Blues. The one wears brazen helmets with silver eagles, and the other

are all of silver. The men ride much too long to have a good seat or hold, and the regulars contrast strongly with the Circassians, who seem as compact on their saddles as if they were a part of the horse. On a light Arab caste of horses, they look most picturesque, with scarlet frocks and chain armour, armed with matchlock, pistols, and yatagans. With a short stirrup, and a light hand to manage the sharp bit, their handsome faces half concealed by steel drapery from their helmets, remind me of some of our Bengal Irregulars, and, like them, they are adepts in horsemanship, and can load and fire off their matchlocks some eight or ten times in a minute, when their horses are in full gallop, break necks off bottles at unmentionable distances, and such like astonishing feats. These form the Emperor's body-guard, and are drawn from the country now at war with Russia. It is a sort of bravado having them as such, but they are constantly watched by a superior force of regulars, so they are made to bear patiently the yoke that is imposed upon them. Poor fellows, it is pitiful to see them. The constant tidings they hear, however, of the defeat of the Russians by their gallant brethren, in the defence of their beautiful country, must gladden their hearts, and give them hopes that some day the ruthless aggressors may be exterminated.





After the exhibitions of the steeds, the riders performed their part; dismounting, mounting, and going through the sword exercise, and finishing off by severally addressing some patriotic and loyal sentences to the Empress, and then the parade terminates.

A grand dinner, but in "mufti," is in the next order of the day, and once more we have to don our toggery, for the purpose of being presented to the illustrious couple. In our little island that despot Fashion decrees that a brief period of seclusion and retirement from vulgar gaze is indispensable after the happy moment that the nuptial knot is tied; but here this ceremony is but the preface to a honeymoon in public, a general signal for invitations to be issued, for a universal mob of visitors to offer congratulations, and for anything and everything but to be let alone. This morning, accordingly, the happy pair are to receive the felicitations of the multitude, and we are to be present at the grand ball. On this day the state-rooms of the Palace are annually thrown open, and invitations, "plentiful as blackberries," are distributed among the inhabitants, who have this opportunity of beholding, face to face, their gracious Emperor, the Imperial family, and to partake of their generous hospitality. We enter the hall, where is a large picture of Catherine II., on a white charger, seated like a man, and entering

St. Petersburg, dressed in the uniform of a colonel of the guards, with a branch of oak in her head-dress and flourishing a drawn sword.

On the staircase stand some colossal sentries, and some invalid guards of gigantic stature. Assembled in a gallery, where the walls are covered with portraits of Russian generals, we form a circle, the ladies together, presently the blushing bride, accompanied by her fortunate consort, makes her appearance, and separately addresses each of us, with questions ably and happily varied. The Prince follows, but finds it a more arduous undertaking, but manages to diversify his queries with considerable tact. The bride looks lovely, the picture of blondine beauty and happiness. Her dress is a pale pink satin, with tiara, bouquet, girdle, and bracelet of diamonds. The Prince wears the uniform of a Russian regiment, of which he has just been appointed colonel. Now another royal personage, in the person of Prince Oscar of Sweden, takes his turn and interrogations are renewed. French, that monopolizing language, is what is spoken at Court, and though most of the Royal Family can speak three or four others, etiquette requires them to address you in that tongue unless they see you do not understand it. And now the folding-doors are flung open, and the Emperor and the whole Royal Family pass

to the ball-room. It is called a *bal masqué*; and civilians sport a black net or silk cloak over their uniforms. The scene is most picturesque. "A dazzling mass of artificial light" illumines the suite of splendid rooms. Here are officers of almost every nation in a goodly variety of costume: the dashing Hussar, the heavy Dragoon, the stately Grenadier, the swarthy Circassian. Ambassadors and attachés in their gaily embroidered uniforms, with the ladies of the Court in all their elegance. The officers keep their heads covered, and plumes and feathers of every colour are seen waving in all directions. The Imperial Family lead the way in the Polonaise and the Illustrious Visitors follow, traversing the rooms to be thoroughly surveyed and proportionably admired by the delighted throng. Bearded moujiks, bonneted females, and riff-raff, *ex omni genere*, are among the gladsome guests. The Empress occupies a corner of one room, when I find myself led away by the Master of the Ceremonies and brought into her imperial presence. Condescendingly does she address her visitor. And so the ball continues for two or three hours, when we adjourn to the supper-rooms, where a regular dinner by the way is served; and then we take our places in the royal carriages to drive out and see the illuminations.

The Emperor, attended by a small escort of Cuiras-

siers and Circassians, is mounted and rides on horseback. The Empress and the rest follow at a snail's pace threading the miles of illumined avenues. The carriages are elongated jaunting cars, containing eight persons, most commodious and easy, and upwards of fifty moved along in procession, forming a very attractive *cortège*.

The night is splendid for the occasion, dark clouds, without rain, obscure the twilight. I have seen splendid illuminations in the East, but none could approach the magnificence and extent of those displayed on this occasion. Facing the palace is an immense semicircular trellis-work covered with lamps fantastically arranged, while in front fountains, springing up some seventy feet, play and fall trickling over coloured lamps, twinkling beneath the glittering cascade. Through a break in the centre of this, extends a long vista of light, formed by a succession of bridges across a line of water, columns of variegated lamps represent flowers and leaves, and in the extreme distance, on high, shines a gigantic star. Beyond these lie avenues and avenues illuminated; lakes surrounded by trellis-work, spangled with lights, reflected in the placid water, multiply the brightness, and one may imagine one's-self in fairy land, for literally they are *lacs des fées*. In the upper garden the trees are tinted with coloured lamps, and the ground itself brilliantly

illuminated. Wherever we drive, melodious notes of music greet the ear, and one thinks of Contarini Fleming and his matchless garden, with "the tall fountains springing from marble basins, and in wandering about, the enchanted region seems illimitable; at each turn more magical and more bright; now a white vase shining in the light, now a dim statue shadowed in a cool grot."

An idea of the extent may be imagined, when we mention that some 20,000 men from the fleet were employed in lighting the lamps, and that the expense of this alone was 200,000 francs or £8,000.

At midnight we are once more at the Palais Anglais, and as a few days elapse before a continuation of fêtes, we accept seats in a carriage bound for St. Petersburg, and we are rapidly imported to the Imperial city.

CHAPTER VII.

"Come my coach."——

SHAKESPERE.

OUR droschky horse is a tremendous trotter; he whisks his bushy tail, shakes his plaited mane, pricks his slit ears, and spansks along quite refreshingly. The Jehu would save his speed but we shout "Padyee! shivayee! hurry, scurry", the latter a Russian term slightly improved upon; and occasionally we punctuate his ribs, which punctuation he passes on to his steed, thus becoming not only a driver, but a conductor; and so the pace is accelerated.

We have another curiosity in our establishment, in Toby, our *laquai de place*. He affects to be a universal chronicle, "*de omnibus rebus, et quibusdam aliis*;" the fertility of his imagination is amazing, and his endeavours to verify his ingenious lies are grand. He is a protectionist in principle; he favours and upholds the rights and deserts of the Muscovites, and we are taxed

accordingly to a vast extent; consequently when we visit the bazars, we dispense with his services.

The "Gastini Dwor," or Great Bazar, consists of a square, the shops being under an arcade on the outer side; the inner space being filled with sheds, storehouses, &c. Each side of the square contains some thirty shops. "Birds of a feather flock together," and the traders in various goods occupy relative positions: thus, all the embroidery shops are to be found in one quarter. Our favourite lounge is among these characters, who savour of the Israelite in nature, but without any interpreter. Fitz B, looking warlike, and with the assistance of a slight display of theatrical talent, tragedy and pantomime, our actions become as intelligible as the purest Sclavonian. We find on an average that the sum demanded for any trifle proves to be the sum taken multiplied by three; thus the real price resolves itself into a rule of simple division, complicated, however, by a further subtraction when a number is purchased.

We have just returned from the Collège des Mines, a poor-looking edifice externally, but rich within, with every specimen of mineral, beautiful models of all kinds of buildings, machines, engines, and implements used in the mines, sections of those in Siberia, exposing the direction of the galleries and shafts; steam-engines, locomotives,

water and cotton mills, pumps, boring machines, bridges, and every sort of thing employed in the art of mining, or used in the science of engineering. There is here a piece of pure gold, weighing $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. and a lump of platinum of 10 lbs. with a rock of malachite, the whole being very interesting to a military man in the scientific branch of the service. Toby tells us that at Tzarske Selo is a palace worthy of a visit, and that a few miles farther on, at Parvalowsky, a band is to play, and that the gay world of St. Petersburg migrate thither to promenade; so we drive to the railway station which is some two miles from the river.

This is the first and only line of Russian rail, and a miserable specimen it is, though American engineers did construct it. The rails are so uneven that the carriages think nothing of eloping from the line and walking into adjoining meadows; and the pace is not alarmingly frightful, for we are forty-five minutes traversing ten miles. You receive a ticket, which appoints a particular seat in a particular carriage of a particular train, at your disposal; and if, you light a cigar, Government provides you gratuitously with a safe escort to the frontier, a useful and economical mode of travelling in case of bankruptcy. Near Tzarske Selo we pass the race course, an oval in shape, with a small stand. The Palace is

delightfully situated on a very pretty spot, quite in the English style, with lawns, shrubs, water, &c. The rooms are not large but fitted up in a costly manner; one is in the same state as when left by the Emperor Alexander before he started for Moscow and died; his bed, razors, brushes, gloves, cocked hat, &c., handkerchief on one chair, boots by another, and so on;—one of our party exclaims, “Some one is living here;” whereas everything has been in the same state for the last twenty years. One room is of amber, the walls being veneered with that valuable article; the ornaments are of the same precious material. This room was happily saved when the principal part of the palace was consumed by fire. The gem of the palace is the little chapel, which is of a deep rich blue and gold, the walls being like porcelain; some admirably executed paintings decorate the panels. The park reminds me of Bushy, with its long, straight drives, bordered with lofty chesnuts, the grounds are very pretty. We rejoin the train, and journey on to Parvalowsky. Here is a species of surburban tea-garden. The gaily dressed citizens of St. Petersburg are ruralizing, smoking, or chatting, absorbing ices, and sipping tea and caviare. Two bands relieve each other; the first is sheltered in the building and plays respectably; the other, a brass band, deposited in a pagoda in the grounds, is more zealous

than effective. A French horn occasionally indulges in a voluntary, which leaves him a bar behind, while the second cornet seems endeavouring to disarrange the economy of his instrument by the energy of his blast; drum thunders away incontinently, and the melody becomes something between the Annen Polka, the Post-horn Galloppe, and the Hallelujah Chorus, but intended to be a grand military march. Yet the attentive groups vote it capital, and "God save the Emperor" is to be recognized, when we invade the gloomy carriages on the rail, and eventually become transtrained to our dwelling in the Bensondomral. After one of the late accidents on this line, the Emperor was the first person to venture on it again, to show his subjects the folly of being alarmed. This was necessary, for travelling by rail being new, a panic might have deterred passengers from risking their lives on it again.

Through the kindness of General Labensky we are enabled to visit the Winter Palace, and have tickets of admission to the Hermitage, whenever we may feel disposed to visit it. The Palais d'Hiver is perhaps the finest and largest palatial residence in the world; though full of architectural anomalies in the exterior, yet from the fronts being judiciously broken, and from the general effect produced by its varied styles, it forms a superb-looking building.

The interior is gorgeously decorated ;

“ Where pilaster, round
Are set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave ; nor does there want
Cornice and frieze, with bossing sculpture given.
The roof is fretted gold.”

Such it is in reality. A magnificent broad marble staircase, profusely gilt, conducts you to the white ball-room, capable of holding three thousand people (a polka or gallop round it would be an undertaking). Beyond this lie suites of most elegant rooms, and several other large ball-rooms. The marble throne-room is very splendid, surrounded with white marble columns with gilded capitals and bases, and a gorgeous throne, the decorations of this cost 160,000*l*. The Empress' drawing-room is extremely rich, the walls and ceiling entirely gilt, and the pillars and ornaments are of malachite, and the furniture of the most costly description. The apartments of the Heir Presumptive are of the same nature, with valuable mosaics, porcelains, vases, glasses, and richly-cut chandeliers. Galleries of paintings connect the wings, where are the portraits of some hundred Russian generals—that of the Emperor Alexander at one end, and the immortal Duke we gladly recognize ; and leading from the Empress' suite of rooms is a

hanging-garden elevated to the same level, with its beds, gravel-walks, shrubs, and fountains—

“Where blow exotic beauties, warm and snug,
While the winds whistle and the snows descend.”

These pensile gardens are common in St. Petersburg, and are delightful spots to linger in, when all without is fast bound in the chains of frost, and biting cold; then, when chilling Winter holds her reign, and the trees without are bereft of verdure,

“The spiry myrtle with unwith’ring leaf,
Shines here and flourishes—Geranium boasts
Her crimson honours, and the spangled beau
Ficoides, glitters bright the winter long.
All plants of every leaf * * * * *
Live here and prosper.”

Adjoining and connected with the Winter Palace, stands the Hermitage, built by Catherine II., where she used to assemble around her that society she loved, and where the crown-jewels are now preserved, with a profusion of regal presents in endless variety, comprising boxes, tiaras, and indeed everything that the ingenious jeweller could devise, enriched with the most beautiful diamonds and other precious stones. Here is also the finest collection in Russia of paintings by the old masters, amongst them the “Houghton,” abounding in Titians, Cuyyps, Wouvermans, Vandervelles, and Murillos.

has been in use for some years, and is sufficiently adjusted to be accurately and of some twelve small scales, suspended and parallel to each other. The proper weights or coins are placed in the outer scale, and once face a slide, with three hundred and scale. As the pieces of coin are put on a man turns a wheel, which balances up to a certain height, and is jerked against the side. If the weight, they are pitched through the heavy, they are shot into the into the upper.

The scales are now empty, and again replenished from the silver, a dozen coins are weighed, and having been touched: it is a very the man's labour consisting to elevate the scales, and coin the scales which find cleared.

The Russian money is formerly divided, the principal currency is in silver and paper money, about the value of three shillings, the silver less than one. For European scales the silver

, if it stands the ice, will be town, for the present one is t sets in, when a transit has to

ed a set-to *à la Russ*, a mode ignacity department generally s angry nymphs. Soldiers are gratis, but one of a party has his occasion his better half, for oves him to present some equi- the waterman in the shape of liberality that prompted, and in on the value of the article con- half a copique, rather less than a quarter less than the proper Charon refuses to receive it, and stairs to obstruct the passage of ethren of the oar join their injured navy are now opposed in civil commences with a round of abuse, e, when the navy make an attack military, but they having had it from this manœuvre. The female, makes a flank movement towards e navy, who instantly deploy into

boat was steered amongst them, the Emperor himself at the helm, while Menshikoff and three admirals handled the oars, and returning the salutes with three little guns that they had with them. A few days later, the Emperor rowed up to St. Petersburg in it, when, under a royal salute from the fort guns, the boat was taken up and placed where it has since remained.

In the room in which he used to sit are the instruments and furniture used by him, and outside is the boat which he built, in form and size like a Thames wherry, —a most creditable production for a century ago. The second room has been converted into a chapel, and of course a copious supply of gold-leaf and candles has been introduced. Service is being performed, and a character robed in velvet and tinsel is chanting, but his voice is peculiarly unadapted to the performance, and his roulade on low G is a signal failure, but he perseveres, and we wish him well out of it, and depart to the Mint, which is close at hand. The building has nothing to boast of, either externally or internally. The coins are stamped principally by manual labour, though a few of the machines are worked by steam. A very ingenious contrivance for weighing coins delights us most, not having seen it adopted at any other mint. A native of Vienna claims the invention, and though it

has been in use for some years, it has only just been sufficiently adjusted to be effectually used. It consists of some twelve small scales, suspended on a light beam, and parallel to each other. The proper weights for the coins are placed in the outer scales, while the inner ones face a slide, with three horizontal slits before each scale. As the pieces of coin are slid into the scales, the man turns a wheel, which raises the whole set of balances up to a certain height, when the scales are jerked against the slits; if the coins are of the proper weight, they are pitched through the centre slit; if too heavy, they are shot into the lower; and if too light, into the upper.

The scales are now empty, and on the descent are again replenished from the slides; thus in a few seconds a dozen coins are weighed and sorted, without one having been touched: it is a very ingenious contrivance, the man's labour consisting merely in turning the wheel to elevate the scales, and occasionally to replenish with coin the tubes which feed the scales as they become cleared.

The Russian money is decimally divided. The principal currency is in silver and paper rubles; the former about the value of three shillings, the latter rather less than one. For European articles, the silver ruble

takes the place of the English shilling, like the rupee in India.

We have roamed all over the Fort, and find it to be a most pleasant and commodious refuge for the Imperial Family, in case of internal revolution. It is built on an island on the north side of the river, and is about as much use to protect St. Petersburg from a besieging army from without, as are the line of forts circling Paris. In form it is a pentagon, constructed of masonry with strong casemates, embrasures being cut in the faces as well as in the flanks of the bastions, and even in the curtains. No doubt Peter the Great, who devised and commenced it, erected it for a safeguard for the town, but no one would think of attacking the city from that side, but as it now is, situated exactly facing the Winter Palace, the Government could conveniently cross to it, and its heavy ordnance could soon sweep down the entire city.

We must next engage a boat, and drop down on the bosom of old father Neva, to the English quay. The piers of a new bridge, which is to span the river a small distance below the present floating one, and near the Marble Palace, are constructed, and the iron-work is coming from England. The water is about 900 feet in breadth at this point, and the bridge, which is from the

designs of an Englishman, if it stands the ice, will be a great blessing to the town, for the present one is broken up when the frost sets in, when a transit has to be made across the ice.

We have just witnessed a set-to *à la Russ*, a mode of proceeding in the pugnacity department generally adopted by Billingsgate's angry nymphs. Soldiers are ferried across the river gratis, but one of a party has brought with him on this occasion his better half, for whose transport it behoves him to present some equivalent remuneration to the waterman in the shape of tangible coin. In the liberality that prompted, and in taking into consideration the value of the article conveyed, the soldier offers half a copique, rather less than a farthing, and about a quarter less than the proper fare. The astonished Charon refuses to receive it, and throws himself on the stairs to obstruct the passage of the party, when his brethren of the oar join their injured comrade. Army and navy are now opposed in civil contest. The action commences with a round of abuse, very galling and severe, when the navy make an attack on the hair of the military, but they having had it cropped, suffer little from this manœuvre. The female, or object of dispute, makes a flank movement towards the right rear of the navy, who instantly deploy into

line, and cut off her retreat, and she is made prisoner. The army now concentrate their forces and make a general attack, and kicks, cuffs, scratches, and screams ensue, the prisoner is retaken, and the army retreat, harassed in the rear by the naval heroes, till a detachment of police sallies forth from an ambuscade, and capturing the belligerent squadrons, marches them off forthwith, and safely incarcerates them in the donjon keep.

Thanks to kind "friends at home," we are able to enjoy the private hospitalities of numerous families, as well as participating in the festivities at Court, and thus to indulge in the mysteries of the Russian mahogany. The dinner is in the French style, but before entering the room, various stimulants are handed round in the shape of anchovies, sandwiches, &c., with a glass of caviare or madeira, to act as a hone to the appetite. The dessert is on the table from the commencement, and the prevailing style of cookery is that of our neighbours across the Channel. We are occasionally regaled with a genuine Russian dish, but we find our taste must be at fault, as we are unable to appreciate with proper relish their savoury condiments. Of course the Russian

" Blesses his stars, and thinks them excellent,"

which is fortunate. Amongst the most favoured and popular dishes is the black soup, a bilious concoction, something between bilge-water and macassar-oil. "*Oh, dura messorum ilia.*" The prevailing beverage is kwass, or a remarkably small beer, a fermentation of barley, rye, and oatmeal, but savouring of the Neva, and prodigiously mild in its effect—calculated to engender ponderosity rather than conviviality.

The Russian, however, is not given to aqueous beverages, he has a peculiar and national vanity, like Mr. Stiggins, for brandy. We often met some of the Imperial subjects, with most exuberant spirits, for the promotion of which they must have resorted to some decoction having decidedly more of the enlivening and insinuating nature of brandy than the simplicity of the kwass. These characters love to "move contrary in thwart obliquities," like Milton's planets, and serpentine along the rugged pavement, which is very much more adapted for those species of animals which have very short legs and a great number of them, as some one remarks somewhere, than for mortal man, who lives in the enjoyment of but two, as there is no slight probability that with lightness of cranium his understanding will soon fail him. The Mujik becomes desperately affectionate when in this glorious state of Bacchus. He seems to have no over-

weening anxiety to engage every passer-by in a pugilistic encounter, but rather to clasp round the neck in loving embrace every luckless wight who is not sufficiently vigilant to escape from such a familiar hug.

There is a mixture called Mead, made chiefly of honey, and when iced is a most refreshing drink, but the favourite among the upper classes is champagne, and more of this "cliquot" is consumed in Russia than France can produce. Some 700,000 bottles are annually imported into St. Petersburg alone. The evening amusements in Russian life consist principally in dancing, or else cards are the favourite diversion, when whist and *Préférence* are played. Foreign cards are not allowed to be imported into the country. They are made by orphan children and the sale of them supports the asylum. Large sums are always staked in these games; it is the passion of the Russian to play high, and many a thousand serfs and even entire fortunes are lost and won on the turn of a trump. Nor is it confined to the upper circles of society, for gambling affords the greatest delight to the lowest subject of the realm, who risks his last copique as bravely as the noble does his thousands. At one party we were much interested in watching a game. The stakes were extremely high, which however did not cause the excitement we should have imagined;

for my part I was unable to see it out, for two exceedingly disagreeable friends caused me to decamp—fever and ague: two very insinuating Oriental visitors, who tyrannically brought me to Europe, and who are perpetually intruding on my quietude with their parasitical attentions. In the plains of Hindostan duty compelled me to be a dweller in tents during the very hottest season of the year, when with the combined delights of a thermometer at 120° , a grilling sun, and a scorching hot wind, followed by heavy rains, a jungle, flooded and



swampy, with the miasmatic influences of noxious vegetation in a state of decay, it is not astonishing that they

made their appearance. The heat of a canvass abode, under the burning rays of a tropical sun, is no joke I can assure the reader who may be sitting "snug at home at ease." Imagine our device to keep the head cool, which is by investing it with a towel well-saturated with water, and which becomes as dry as chalk in ten minutes if not re-wetted. The heat however is bearable and even healthy. It is the damp and insalubrious vapours that engender fever and ague. A Russian Esculapius, with a bleak countenance of awful longitude, is called in, and repels the intruders with his remedial abominations, which to prevent a relapse are as bad as the attack itself. Quinine! pah! one's head oscillates at the very remembrance, and to have to quaff bumpers periodically throughout the day, and in "night-gown and slippers" to vegetate on tea and broth, feeling all the while so ravenous that the sunny side of a donkey would be an absolute trifle to demolish.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Its splendours rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise."

GOLDSMITH.

THIS evening the Grand Duke Hérétier gives a ball at Peterhoff, to the nobility of St. Petersburg. I have been honoured with an invitation, and I find a Government steamer is going to start from the quay facing my door, so I make my salaam to the captain, and he offers me a passage. The afternoon is lovely. The last few stormy days have cooled the atmosphere, and a deep blue sky unshadowed by a cloud is overhead, while the tranquil Neva, unrippled save where the paddles plough its surface, and sends them eddying far and wide, bears us rapidly along as it rolls its waters to the Baltic. A droschky, and by the way emperors and princes use these

conveyances, carries me to the "Palais Anglais" where the ball is to be given. The Imperial Family are to arrive



at nine, and, donning the martial scarlet, let us see the arrangements. The gardens are illuminated, and the sheet of water facing the Palace is befringed with coloured lamps, reflected in the smooth surface of the lake. the trees around are spangled with variegated lights, and stars, bouquets, and vases glitter around; pleasing devices are figured on the lawn, and tastefully diversified. On the water a boat with its rigging lit with green lamps, is gently moved to and fro on its placid surface, while in it are a band of musicians, enlivening the scene with their

harmony. Standing beneath the portico of the Palace, on the top of the flight of stone steps, the music and dancing of the ball going on behind, and, in front, the still clear night, with the soft music stealing over the still clearer water, the scene becomes Oriental, and we recall to mind the wonders of Eastern fable.

The ball continues. Quadrilles, polkas, and waltzes, are energetically perpetrated, and then the national dance—the Mazourka—is started, which appears to be but a half-fledged Polish Mazourka, which is the genuine dance. The officer (for here all the cavaliers are officers) takes his partner by the right hand, and goes down the room in an *allegretto* movement, with a series of hops, steps, and jumps, then with his left hand round her waist, makes a backward revolution of two or three turns, and then hands the lady to a seat. Off he vanishes to another fair enslaver, and the same operation is performed. The Russian etiquette does not permit a lady to take the gentleman's arm, but he leads her by the hand and as soon as the dance is finished, the couples separate at once, and the promenade is dispensed with,—a far better plan than ours, for the lady is independent, and not in fear and trembling when left alone for a few minutes; besides, the gentleman can escape from a monosyllabic

damsel (with whom he must dance for her mamma's sake) and who sedulously confines her answers to "yeses" and "noes;" and so he must pace up and down like a sentry, there being no vacant seat, and she cannot find her mamma, and the next waltz strikes up, away goes his real innamorata with his rival, for she imagines he has got hold of a new flame in the monosyllable that is still tacked to his elbow. No! the Russian style is best, for even on the other side, with the lovely girl you so much admire, you can be quite as agreeable and happy standing detached to converse after the dance, and the file-marching round the room is avoided, and your soft nonsense is not listened to by rows of turbaned dowagers, glorying in sharp ears and black velvet. The Russians are capital waltzers, but the music is played so fast that a graceful dance is converted into an intolerable whirl,—the ladies, instead of displaying ease and elegance in their movements are whisked round, and acquire such a rotatory velocity in their gyrations, like so many tee-totums, that when they stop, one would imagine that hay-making had been their pastime, so breathless and heated are they, and consequently far from captivating. The polka has scarcely reached this latitude, for I find myself with only some half-dozen couple figuring away among the hundreds present. This effected, a chamber-

lain leads me to the Grand Duke Hérétier, to whom I am introduced. He is affable, and courteous. The late wars in India have interested him. Next am I honoured with an introduction to the Grand Duchess, who is equally condescending in addressing her guest, and subsequently the Grand Duke Michael, the Emperor's brother, favours me with some conversation. He talks of the battles on the banks of the Sutledge, and of the military colleges in England, the ribbon of India, and of the stars and medals now worn for the various engagements by our army, and so on, when the folding doors are thrown open, and supper is announced. Bonbons, ices, and other refreshments have previously been handed round. The Royal Family lead the way, and presently we commence upon a midnight dinner, rather than supper, for soup, fish, made dishes, sweets, and fruits are successively handed round, to which ample justice is done; then the dancing is resumed, and we disperse to our rooms at half-past two. Some have spoken loudly of the stiffness of Russian society, and of their formality in their ball-rooms. I was most agreeably surprised, for nothing could have exhibited less ceremony. A Court Ball in most countries is usually one of the most formal and wearisome things imaginable; but here the Royal Family moved about addressing their visitors, and beyond

the proper respect shown by not turning one's back to them, the dance was carried on as if they were not present; while in the different quadrilles they joined and took their places indiscriminately. Again, as in England, the gentlemen mixed with the ladies, and not as in the Parisian and other foreign ball rooms, where one sees the men congregated at one side of the room, the ladies occupying the other, as if they were only permitted to converse when actually figuring.

Behold me once more in the City of the Czars. A friend kindly gave me a seat in his Brougham from Peterhoff. We had scarcely time to talk over the events of the previous night, when the rugged pavé told us we were near our threshold, our team of nags having brought us the twenty miles in an hour and a half exactly, scarcely turning a hair, and without our having drawn rein once.

We have been talking of beauties and ladies in general, with the fair ones of Muscovy in particular, and have come to the unpleasant conclusion that the Goddess of Beauty has been very sparing in her donations to the daughters of Russia; they are by no means the fair enslavers I had expected to behold, and we flatter ourselves that the "favoured isle" is by no means eclipsed by Muscovy in this particular. They

may be classed under three heads—good-looking, plain, and ugly; bearing the proportion of 1—30—60.

The few handsome Russian ladies I had seen on the Continent, led me to suppose that beauty was prevalent in their clime; but the complexions like paste, and the figures wanting in style, would defy the greatest admirers of the fair sex to call them good-looking. This is not difficult to account for in such a climate, where continual dissipation with late hours, and want of exercise, with perpetual warm baths, reduce the strength, and wage war with health. In their own capital, the Russian ladies, from these very causes, cannot possess the same fresh looks they gain when travelling in more genial and temperate regions; and for the rosy cheeks that health then provides them with, in Russia the paint-box is plentifully resorted to, for even on the youngest faces one can distinctly notice the borrowed tints of the lily and the rose. But though beauties are “few and far between,” yet no one can deny to the Russian ladies that *gaieté de cœur* that characterizes them, and renders them so charming in society, and especially in the ball-room. Nor is that delightful ease in conversation and agreeableness confined to the fair sex, for the Russian cavalier equally indulges in the *suaviter*; like the French, their light-heartedness acts like philosophy, and cheers

them up, though otherwise embittered by the stings of adversity. This comes apparently from the national taste for idle pursuits; it is observable in all the amusements to which the Russian is addicted. To live in a round of gaiety seems to be their aim in life; to outvie one another in the splendour of their entertainments, and to have a fancy for nothing beyond the mere superficial display, with no ambition to excel in that more real pleasure, the cultivation of the arts and sciences.

The Russian men are, generally speaking, a handsome race, and shine more conspicuously amidst foreigners than the fairer creation.

We despair of ever remembering the names of our partners in the dance—we forget the first few syllables before we come to the end of the word—it almost chokes one unused to such terrific nomenclature,

“Ending in ‘ischskin,’ ‘ousekin,’ ‘iffskchy,’ ‘ouski,’
Of whom we can insert but ‘Rousamouski.’

The idea of writing a love-sonnet, and having to introduce such names as Bassilitschikoff, Soltiberiwinisky, or Meniwenchisky, is appalling; and what with the onandoffs, fisticuffs, whiskies, and friskies, we despair of ever articulating them with proper gracefulness.

But the names alone are trifles compared to the unconscionable titles that are bestowed on distinguished characters; one specimen we give—the Metropolitan when addressed is styled “Viesokopreosviascherieischie Vladiko,”—what a mouthful!

At the corners of the principal streets, watchmen, yclept Boutoschniks, are to be seen posted, who act as policemen, but the staff of the latter is exchanged for a



halberd with these street guardians; their appearance is rather of the savage order, and they have moreover the

credit of inserting the point of their weapons into the viscera of innoxious and unoffending travellers, as they pass by on cold wintry nights, of extracting such valuables as they may find, and then submerging the bodies under the ice of the Neva. Be this as it may, they are awkward characters to meet on a lonely road on a freezing night. The superintendent of these watchmen is termed a Quartalnik, who perhaps looks over and also overlooks the rogueries, and disposal of the nocturnal assassinations.

The common people, or "Mujik" community, have a peculiar costume of their own. It is the original national dress, which they preserve, and hand down unaltered to their descendants. The military and naval subjects of the Emperor always wear uniform, and so it follows that the tradespeople are the only ones who sport the coat and hat of other nations, for the Mujiks clothe their limbs in blue caftans, long dressing-gowns,—similar to those worn by certain portly goddesses of the bathing-machine when they immerse young ladies in the briny fluid,—with short waists, and girded with a crimson sash; the petticoat reaches to the ankle, just displaying a clumsy pair of hessians, while their hair, "fantastically tangled," is covered with an inverted conical frustum of beaver, very low, and with a very

narrow brim. These individuals are extensively given to hydrophobia, having an immeasurable dislike to soap, are at perfect variance with water, and dead-cuts with the towel and wash-tub. The hair in rear is squared, bearing a strong resemblance to a door-mat; while the beard and moustache, like the wild flower, flourishes at will, untouched and unthought of. They are like the Greek, in their annual purchase of a suit of clothing, this is new at Easter, and remains on their backs till the next year gives them the hopes of a fresh supply.

Their fare is not of the most luxurious description, their breakfast consisting of rye-bread and spittin, which is a mixture of mead and tea, while dried or salted fish forms the variety for dinner. The fasts are so multitudinous that the fish-eater is always safe. Another drink is extracted from the juice of the birch-tree, which effervesces. They are robust and healthy, for the pure bracing air, their austere mode of living, and their easy temperament, promotes longevity. Beds for the commonalty are perfect rarities, the favourite shake-down for the Mujik being the top of the stove, while the landing of the staircase is also generally devoted to the purposes of somnolency; but where beds are found free-trade is the system, no vulgar monopoly preventing them from being shared alike.

Among the objects worthy of a visit is a house where are preserved the things that Peter the Great made himself, with his lathe, and a figure dressed in his original clothes. Several models of line-of-battle ships and boats show what his skill was in naval architecture. Near this is the Museum, where is a splendid and valuable collection of specimens, geological, conchological, mineralogical, osteological, ornithological, and other ogicals. The lion of the desert, as well as the "*ridiculus mus*" have here their representatives carefully preserved.

—— with heads of birds, hawks, ibis, drakes,
Of lions, foxes, cats, fish, frogs, and snakes,
Bulls, rams, and monkeys, hippopotami, &c.

The most interesting part, however, is a collection of objects in comparative anatomy, by Ruysch of the Hague, where are articulated skeletons of the mammoth and elephant, down to the smallest creature that creepeth upon the earth, flieth in the air, or swimmeth in the sea.

We have passed a pleasant afternoon on the Neva, in an English imported wherry, have been nearly capsized by the swell of steamers, which afforded pleasurable excitement; and have promenaded on the Boulevards, which face the Admiralty. We notice all manner

of people, in variety of costumes. Small specimens of nascent Muscovites in abundance, with comely-looking nurses brooding over them, diversify the scene. These Karmeelitzas preserve the national attire, and their fanciful dresses are usually composed of costly materials.



In the winter months, furs are added. But English nurses are plentiful, for a Russian establishment is not considered complete without one, to teach the language and bring up the child in the way it should go. Evening draws on and we return home to dress for the ball given by the nobility of St. Petersburg to the newly married couple. We have all been invited to this—civilians as well as military. Fitz B. and the Oxford

man endue the white ties and snowy waistcoats, and we adjourn to the "halls of dazzling light." The building is near the Grand Duke Michael's palace, and a nobler suite of rooms for such an entertainment we have never seen. The ball-room is an immense hall, splendidly lighted, capable of holding three thousand people. Separated from the hall by a range of columns, is a wide promenade raised some feet, from whence the mysteries of Terpsichore can be viewed. A range of seats, four deep, runs round the dancing-room, and in the centre of one side, tastefully encircled with shrubs and exotics, is the position assigned to the Royal Family. Suites of lounging, refreshment, and supper rooms are adjoining, forming altogether the perfection of assembly-rooms. The Imperial Family arrive at nine, when a Polonaise is commenced that the Prince and his bride may be advantageously seen by all. Now the dance is started, the formal quadrille, the whirling waltz, and the persevering polka are duly effected. The Prince wears the uniform of a Colonel of Russian Lancers, a dress not very becoming; the pantaloons, plaited and prodigiously voluminous below the waist, especially behind. But the officers of the Horse Guards have a most appropriate uniform for dress, a scarlet coatee in lieu of the parade white, white tights, silk stockings, shoes and buckles, in

every way better adapted for dancing in than the massive pantaloons, and looking so much lighter and neater. Certainly it requires a well turned leg to set it off to advantage; yet I would gladly see it introduced into our army, especially in India. A very good band in the gallery plays enthusiastically and well; the refreshment rooms are open; the Royal Family take their departure; dancing gradually ceases, and we vanish at the hour

“When murky mists the struggling morn disclose
And howling watchmen lull one to repose.”

CHAPTER IX.

“ All furnished, all in arms,
All plum'd like estridges that wing the wind,
Glittering in golden coats like images,
As full of spirit as the month of May
And gorgeous as the sun at Midsummer.”

HENRY IV.

IN the neighbourhood of St. Petersburg the Army of Exercise is encamped, sixty thousand strong; the annual reviews for the purpose of inspiring martial ardour, a virtue so lacking in the Muscovite, is shortly to take place. We have driven out to see the nearest camp; the corps and divisions are so scattered, that we were content with seeing one brigade. The cavalry we found picketted near villages, seemingly without any order, but probably in the most convenient positions for supplies and forage. The tents are very small, and when pitched on grass, the turf is taken up to form dry walks, and piled up to make temporary seats, till the camp is struck, when it

is relaid. The uniforms are very plain, the prevailing colour being dark-green with scarlet facings, the degrees of rank marked by the lace on the collar. Colonels wear loose bullion epaulettes, and Generals the solid box only, the junior grades sporting scales only. But if they have not much embroidery, the Russian has multitudinous decorations in the shape of orders and ribbons, and they must be little valued when they become as common and as necessary appendages to a uniform as leaves are to the trees. For every campaign which is a few months in the field, and though a shot may not have been fired, some cross is awarded, and it is a rarity to see a soldier without a row of eight or ten ribbons, or else stripes of painted metal, which are worn instead. The pay of the army is at the lowest ebb, the poor private having barely sufficient for his subsistence; and were it not for the extensive system of bribery and corruption, the officers would cut but a sorry figure, as indeed they generally do.

The pay of our army made them open wide the eye of astonishment when they heard it from me, a lieutenant of our corps drawing more than a full colonel of their corresponding regiment; but everything is proportionally cheaper, and they have not the appearance to keep up that ours must. Many divisions of the army

occupy farms, instead of regular pay; and from these prædial allotments they make their subsistence, each man having an area of land according to his rank. These agricultural settlements are chiefly confined to the South. The officers have charge of the civil Government, the drill is carried on by the companies assembling at regular intervals, and occasionally the whole corps parade together, perhaps once a year, thus these divisions are nothing more than mere militiamen. These Military Colonies are classed into superiors, or officers, cultivators, and reserve. The cultivator must perform twenty years' service, when he passes into the battalion or squadron of reserve, and after three years is invalided or retires. The reserve supplies the place of those who are lost in action. The children must also be soldiers. This system is not confined to the infantry; for the cavalry corps have similar settlements, with breeding establishments attached to them. The troops of the Imperial Guard form a very fine looking body of men; and, from constantly being quartered in or near the capital, they have a vastly superior air to the half savages that compose the ranks of the line. The standard height for recruits in the foot is but four foot nine, producing but a pigmy race; and untutored raw cubs as they are, an army of such materials would not be very formidable to oppose at any time.

The size of men will in all probability become still smaller with each succeeding generation, for the finest among the serfs are always singled out and carried off from their homes to fill the ranks, which is equivalent to being doomed to celibacy, whilst the lame, the halt, and the blind, and those unfitted for military service, become the parents of the new race, which naturally becomes degenerated, so that the standard may have to be still further lowered.

Many, however, prefer the life of a soldier to being slaves, though cases of self-maiming are plentiful enough, to disqualify for service. With them there are none of the seductive sounds of the "ear-piercing fife and spirit-stirring drum," to tempt them to enlist in the school of arms. No oily-tongued recruiting serjeant, with gay uniform and fluttering ribbons to tell tales of gallant deeds, to rouse the martial ardour of the virent Muscovite, but, *nolens volens*, the young conscript is borne away to the "rékroutskoie pritsoutskie," from his paternal lares, "to have his hair cut short, to wear a coarse green coat with a little tail, to have his eye turned right and left, and his trowsers pipe-clayed;" then, with his silver ruble or two a year, oil and meat to keep him in condition, and a grey cloak to keep him warm, how happy should be

the Muscovy private. Heigh for the life of a Russian soldier.

The army is certainly colossal in numbers, upwards of a million fighting-men are nominally enrolled under its banners; but when we examine closely this immense force, we discover that the effective nature of it is by no means so formidable. It is wonderful to think, however, that in so few short years such a fine army has sprung from the rabble that composed its ranks, when Peter's thousands were routed by the hundreds of Charles XII. It appears that it mustered in 1656 but 9000 men, and has increased progressively as follows:—

In 1696 we find	.	.	.	30,000
„ 1707 „	.	.	.	60,000
„ 1710 „	.	.	.	149,000
„ 1750 „	.	.	.	164,000
„ 1771 „	.	.	.	198,000
„ 1794 „	.	.	.	313,000
„ 1803 „	.	.	.	508,000
And at present it numbers	.	.	.	1,006,000

But we will find that in the event of war a very small portion of this force is disposable. From the grand total we may deduct—

			1,006,000
Sick and invalids	.	.	113,000
Establishment of Emperor	.	.	148,000
Servants	.	.	92,000
		<hr/>	353,000
Leaving	.	.	<hr/> 653,000

Again, from this amount an immense deduction must be made of troops on particular service, who cannot be removed. To guard the Austrian boundary, an extent of five hundred miles, requires a considerable force; while the line from Kazan to Kamschatka is still larger. Again, the newly-acquired territories must keep their armies of occupation, or they would soon be free from servitude under the Russian eagle; and, as in the case of the Circassians, a still more powerful force is necessary to carry on the war. All these diminish the million very considerably; and they may be summed up under the following heads:—

	653,000
Corps of Caucasus	80,000
„ Siberia and Orenberg	21,000
„ Finland	25,000
„ Lithuania	40,000
Military Colonies	60,000
Cordon Militaire, to collect revenues	6,000
One-third of Cossack hordes that remain in province	40,000
Garrisons	80,000
Interior Guard	120,000
	<hr/> 472,000
	<hr/> 181,000

From this again, in case of war with Austria, 100,000 must be kept to guard the frontier, and thus we find the colossal Russian army is reduced to 81,000 effective disposal troops.

The Russian army is about one soldier to every seven square miles; while in our Eastern possessions in India there is one soldier to every five square miles. The area of the Russian Empire being 7,700,000 square miles; while in India the area is but 1,000,000.

This reminds one of the absurd notion some good people persist in entertaining of the success that Russia would meet with in undertaking the invasion of India. Firstly, a Russian army would never reach it. The two attempts made on Khiva, both of which proved such signal failures, ought to put an end to that notion. One was tried in the hot, and the other in the cold weather. But campaigners in the East can only know the insurmountable difficulties, which any European force making the attempt would have to encounter. The procuring supplies and carriage would alone arrest its progress; for, even with our own splendid commissariat arrangements, and with everything adapted to the country, our own armies are often impeded by unforeseen obstacles. The double pay besides of a large army, commencing from the day it passed its frontier, would be ruinous to the Russian finances, and sufficient to deter any pugnacious emperor from attempting such a distant and extensive campaign with any considerable force.

But allowing for a moment that an army of 100,000 men reached the Sutledge, there can be little doubt of their fate being that of the Sikh Army; for what the latter might want in discipline would be more than counterbalanced by fighting under their own sun. But, should any rash Emperor ever make the attempt, all I ask is, "May I be there to see." Indeed, I agree with an intelligent writer on the subject in considering that the Indian Army has as much likelihood of possessing Russia, as the Russians have of taking India. But that Russia and Old England may remain staunch allies every Briton must earnestly hope. Together we may defy the world. The Russians, from the Emperor downwards, prefer the English; and it was generally understood that on his visit to England, when there was some probability of a war with France, he offered his army to our Queen.

The army is divided somewhat as follows:—

IMPERIAL GUARD.

Consisting of 8 Infantry, of 2,400		
(each in 3 battalions)	.	19,200
Sappers and Fort Artillery	.	2,500
8 Cavalry Corps	.	6,400
Cossacks	.	1,000
Pioneers and Horse Artillery	.	900
		— 30,000

LINE REGIMENTS.

127 Regiments of 2,400.	. . .	304,800	
36 Garrison Battalions	. . .	77,000	
		<hr/>	381,000

CAVALRY.

16 Cuirassiers	16,000	
52 Dragoons, Hussars, and Chasseurs		52,000	
32 Cossacks of the Don, Black Sea, Ural, Volga, Siberia, Tartars, Baskhirs, Caucasians	. . .	100,000	
		<hr/>	168,000

ARTILLERY.

60 Siege Companies	12,000	
60 Light Field	12,000	
22 Horse Artillery	4,400	
12 Pioneers	2,400	
10 Pontoneers	2,000	
12 Infantry Garrisons	11,500	
		<hr/>	44,000
Officers		20,000
Other Corps		27,000
			<hr/>
			*1,006,000

The nominal strength of a regiment is never the actual number, for it is well known that nearly every corps is kept deficient, that the colonel may profit by pocketing the pay. The epaulette is the emblem of power here, and no profession is more noble than that of a soldier; but when we see the military employed in the meanest

* United Service Journal.

capacities, and unsoldierlike duties, as we find them here, it makes one rejoice to think we serve in a nation and under a flag that does not call on its troops to perform what is not immediately the duties of a soldier in the field or garrison, and that our soldiers are really soldiers, and not lamplighters and streetsweepers. The towns swarm with uniforms; regiments are employed to sweep the railways; soldiers preside at the ticket office, and do the work of a porter, soldiers board the arriving vessel, examine passports and luggage; are checktakers at the theatre, this we see common enough in France, but here it is carried to an absurd extent; in fact, nothing can you do, nowhere can you go, but a stiff-collared, buttoned-up, cocked-hatted functionary in green, must be directive agent.

The sailors, again, are semi-soldiers, for during the greater part of the year they are on shore, and are quartered, drilled, and employed as military. The Russian sailor derides our naval costume, and considers the dress of our jack tars to be slovenly and ununiform. Some Swedish ships of war are at present at Cronstadt, and the dress of the officers is similar to ours, and I hear many a sarcastic remark on their appearance.

Imagine a Russian sailor in a tightly-fitting and padded coatee, with an upright collar, straps on their

pantaloons, and an Albert hat without its brim. Our Jack would, I rather think, have the laugh on his side, either in a race to the main truck, or in boarding a vessel with this Muscovy tar.

CHAPTER X.

"Dico di quel che non sapete forse."

ARIOSTO.

THE manœuvring of the troops, which we have so much wished to see, has been postponed for some weeks. The Emperor has determined to review his fleet, which disappoints us sadly, as we are more able to appreciate military than naval tactics; so we have altered our plans, and resolve—

"Since our ardent steps have traced
The northern realms of ancient" Muscovy,

to travel onwards on our tour towards the region of Scandinavia. But let us have another glimpse at the general appearance of St. Petersburg ere we pursue the "even tenour of our way" westward.

The splendour of the Imperial City rather fades on our acquaintance, and after all it is merely in the gene-

rally extensive manner in which the streets are planned that its magnificent aspect consists. The Russian poet Pushkin's description tallies with ours. "A sumptuous city, a poor city, the appearance regular, the firmament of a pale-green, gloom, cold and granite." The Nevskoi Perspective, though longer and wider, is not to be compared with Regent Street, from the York Column to the Regents' Park. The St. Isaac's Church is not to be compared to St. Paul's in architectural design. Our Horse Guards eclipses their Etat Major. Their Admiralty and Post Office are failures, their Academies and Exchange are insignificant, and Belgravia and Tyburnia may seek for rivals in vain in this great metropolis. The Palaces are the redeeming edifices, but in every thing else an inferiority is manifest, so that considering this city in detail, it sinks in comparison with many other European capitals.

The Grand Duke Michael induced the Emperor to visit England from the flourishing account he gave of the little island, of which he himself is a great admirer, and he has adopted several things in this city, from hints taken in London.

One cause of the pleasing appearance of the city is the cleanliness of the buildings from the purity of the atmosphere, and that by law every house must be painted

or brightened up triennially; and with this is a regulation that no alteration can be made in the exterior of a building without the permission of the police, not a shutter converted into a Venetian, not a window turned into a door, without the sanction of these grave authorities. The greatest precautions are taken about fire, and in all directions we see watch-towers and signals; this is absolutely necessary in a town where the buildings are so generally constructed of timber: smoking was prohibited in the streets originally on that account, and the prohibition is still enforced. But this is not the sole element the good citizens have to fear; an equally formidable enemy in water may some day be its ruin. The Neva bears the surplus waters of the Lake Ladoga to the Baltic; it runs with rather a rapid current, and like the Rhone at Lyons is at times a terror to the town, for when the westerly gales blow strong, its escape is not only precluded, but the sea itself is carried up the river, causing it to rise in proportion to the fury of the winds. A breakwater at the mouth has been proposed, which might have the effect of holding back the sea from its encroachments. Several awful inundations have well nigh swept away the city; the one of 1824 was the most destructive to life and property, thousands were lost, and millions of money did not replace the injuries

done to the town. When the water rises, the fort-guns are fired to warn the citizens of the danger, and a few days ago the river rose to within a few inches of the street level; the first preparatory signals were fired from the Fort, but the wind suddenly abating, the anticipated calamity was arrested, the waters retreating rapidly to the delight of all. The Neva is very capricious, at one time turbulent, and again in a few hours as placid and smooth as glass.

The Russian is gregarious in his style of living. Not, like the Englishman, rejoicing in his own street-door and staircase, but rather like our vivacious Gallic neighbours, who hold all such things in common. Some of the dwellings can muster several hundred heads: on an average fifty-five vegetate beneath the same roof; but the houses occupy a greater area and are not on this account more lofty, like those in Paris, which fearful in altitude give you an idea of the ascent of the tower of Babel when journeying upwards you visit in a quatrième. In stone buildings Finland granite is the principal material employed, and the walls are generally very thick; five and six feet not being unusual. Every precaution is taken against cold, and so successfully that an equitable temperature is always preserved within,

though the thermometer without may betoken some 30 degrees of frost.

The windows and doors are double, and every passage and room has its stove. These are not very ornamental appendages to a chamber, being large earthenware contrivances, some eight feet in height, but their ungainliness is compensated for by their necessity and utility. Birch-wood is generally burnt for fuel as throwing out the greatest heat. Huge stacks are now to be seen piled up in all the court-yards, preparatory to a setting in of the frost.

Last night there was a magnificent bonfire. A candle manufactory prometheanized illuminated the town. It was a detached building, so the ravages of the fierce element were confined to the precincts of the chandler in tallow. The alarm signals were exhibited, and the fire-brigade were displaying intense activity, till the flare-up faded into a flicker and went out.

This was a grand finale to the display of fireworks that had just terminated across the river in a fête given in honour of the Duchess of Leuchtenberg's birthday, when all the gay world promenaded for hours amongst illuminated walks, while the Royal Family drove slowly here and there and everywhere, the pyrotechnics finishing

the programme, the whole concluding with the above glorious flammification.

We had proposed to journey on to Moscow, but we find all the seats in the mail are engaged for a fortnight, and our days are numbered, so we resign ourselves to dire necessity, and change our plans. We live in hopes that on our next visit the railway will be finished, when instead of being seventy or eighty hours *en route* we may effect the business in a quarter of that time, which will be much more genial to our feelings. And now, having visited this royal city in its summer aspect, it behoves us to see it when robed in snowy white, when we may find fresh novelties to delight and interest us.

But the "Bensondomral," can we forget it? Dare we leave this hospitable land without one verbal token of remembrance of our head-quarters.

Situated in a convenient position on the English quay is a boarding-house, conducted by the Miss Bensons, spinsters, "fair, fat, and forty," the picture of comfort and the essence of goodnature and civility. An establishment of the nicest description, pleasant rooms, and an excellent table. Ever attentive and striving to please, their house is now well-known as superior to anything of its kind in St. Petersburg, that it requires no further acknowledgment of its merits to insure success to

its worthy proprietors. The charges are excessively moderate, and we heartily wish the good couple long life and happiness, and may they shortly be enabled to return to England to enjoy the fruits of their honest labours.

And now we have been duly advertised in the public journals, according to law, and we have paid heaps of rubles for a passport to allow us to quit the Lithuanian shores, we have taken our passages in a steamer, which is conveniently bound for Stockholm, we have bid adieu to our kind friends, and Toby is now taking our "impedimenta" to the quay.

In no country are the passports more lucrative to the Government than in Russia. For each permit to leave, two pounds sterling is coolly required.

Many merchants are not permitted to quit the country at all, without leaving heavy security, (a third of the money they have realized,) to be forfeited in case of not returning. In fact, Government is mightily avaricious, and every devisible means is resorted to for increasing the current that flows into the Imperial coffers, and many sources are necessary for the perpetual replenishing required. The case of abstracting 1,300,000 rubles from the archives of the Church for the completion of the St. Isaac's Church, is rather a case in point.

Strangers, therefore, must bleed as well as the natives, for the support of the State. Still the people, however much they are taxed, are a happy race; beggars are curiosities as being so rare, a provision being made for those sick or out of employ, and the mass having necessities of life cheap, and plenty of employment, and a sheep-skin to protect their limbs from the cold, seek no more, for they are contented. But with the exception of those necessities of life, and to which the poor have easy access, everything in St. Petersburg is at an exorbitant price. Furniture, pictures, and articles of *vertù* frightfully expensive. For a small evergreen, English value five shillings, we were modestly asked a sum equivalent to five pounds. This may give an idea of the relative value of articles.

Such, then, gentle reader, is what you will probably meet with on a brief visit at this capital and Court of the Czar. Unacquainted with the language, you will be unable to interest yourself in the literature of the country; but in this you will experience no loss. Still in its earliest infancy, a few poets and some magazine writers are all that can be numbered among the authors of the land. Nor will it ever be otherwise. The dead languages are never studied by the Russian youth; but the living foreign ones are learnt even before the vernacular itself.

It is not uncommon for the nobles to be quite ignorant of their own tongue.

The Russian, however, if he has not original genius, is a most able imitator; there is nothing that he cannot copy; and to this inherent aptitude may be traced his quickness at learning languages; not that this is the sole cause, for the Slavonian alphabet introduces every sound, and the gutturals and labials of every foreign tongue may find in it their resemblance. It is to this that the facility of acquiring languages is attributable; the English w's and th's, the French r's, and the German ch's, and so on, can all be easily pronounced by the Russian. Not so by other nations; for the word "with," to a Frenchman, is as bad as some of the German gutturals to an Englishman. But in all other things the Russian is most plastic; he can be modelled into anything; he is as expert a copyist as the Chinese, who puts patches into new clothes to preserve the exactness of the resemblance, though, unlike the Chinese, he has not their original ingenuity, so let him be "tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor," as you wish, let him have but a good model, and he will be sure to turn out well. Accordingly, parents have no distressing doubts as to the selection of a trade most fitting the inclinations of their hopeful offspring.

Despotism, that bane to the country, is however the chief fetter that binds down genius, and talent which, if left unshackled, would, shine conspicuously, and add to the glory of the empire, is cramped by the severity of the censorship, which suffers no publication to appear but what pays the greatest adulation to the Government; thus among the authors, the greatest sycophants are the most highly favoured at Court. No high-minded man will bear to be so guided, and his talents are thus left to be wasted on the desert air. But this is the design of Government, and so long as it lasts, literature is doomed to be among the things that might be, and the people will ever remain cloistered in ignorance. But it is not alone in this, for the arts, manufactures, and commerce are similarly fettered, and the most superficial traveller will not fail to notice the pernicious effects of such despotism, for who would endeavour to raise himself above the multitude, and be anxious to excel, when by so doing he instantly becomes an object of suspicion, and may at a moment's notice, without assignable cause, have his estates confiscated and himself banished. That slavery and commerce in a State is an anomaly, is nothing new, the former destroys the latter, and so is it with manufactures, and in proportion as there is liberty and security of property, so do the nations excel each

other in perfection. Thus will it be till some change is effected.

*Diversos diversa decent, non omnibus annis
Omnia conveniunt, res prius apta nocet.*

Everything will be at the lowest standard as it now is, and daily and hourly will all be surpassed, and the nation still tied down to preserve a despot on the throne.

The government then is blameable for the backwardness of its country. Nicholas rules with a rod of iron, but not too severe to uphold the system by which he rules. He is not naturally cruel, and he assumes a rigour but to suit his ends and maintain his power. Many of the barbarities perpetrated in the empire are unknown to him. The governors of districts are the veritable Neros, and the enormities are glossed over, and never reach the Imperial ears in all their horrors, but for which he has the credit. Nor is he to blame for the form of government. It is forced upon him by the aristocracy, who are interested in the moral blindness of those wretched victims of their oppression, the slaves, whose education would be ruinous to their riches. Enlightenment would teach them the road to freedom.

The system of espionage, however, is the most detest-

able; not alone in the salons of St. Petersburg, not only in the wilds of inland Slavonia, but at the courts of foreign potentates, and in private dwellings in distant lands the Russian is not secure; some unwary allusion to his government, his opinion of its despot, are heard by one he least suspects, and wafted across the seas to his ruling powers; a sudden recall and banishment to Siberia becomes his lot. Abject obsequiousness, and cringing, fawning flattery, on the other hand, ensures distinction and emolument.

To enter into a disquisition on the Government we will leave to wiser heads; we aspire solely to depict externals, and that superficially, so we will leave Nicholas and his slavery, or we shall be numbered among those disseminators of anti-Russian principles, whose words are summarily ejected from the Imperial dominions, and our bantling would share their fate, and that would be heart-rending.

And so "farewell, a long farewell" to St. Petersburg. I leave it with regret, and am not only grateful for the kind hospitality shown to me in private circles, but have reason to be proud of the condescension evinced towards me by the members of the Royal Family.

Such a generous welcome, shown to a young officer

without distinction or special introduction, displays a liberality to be sought for in vain in other European Courts. Not to me alone, but to all military travellers the same kindness is bestowed, and I quit the country with a feeling that I shall ever be interested in its welfare.

CHAPTER XI.

"The lightnings flash, the heavy thunders roll."

A most brilliant morning, and we have arrived at Cronstadt, where the "Fürst Menshikoff," a diamond steamer, is lying to convey us and suite to Sweden. Shepherd Toby parts with his flock in sorrow, the rubles in his pocket soon dry up the tears in his eye. Our suite is now unattached, and we could joyfully dispense with the whole group. The confines assigned to somnolency are ingeniously contrived. Between decks is a reservoir, with three closets in two sides, each with two shelves, which we are credibly informed are berths, the smaller being uppermost as in bookcases, and these are at the disposal of our animal frames, wherein to woo the "balmy;" the desirableness of this bin for recubation is enhanced by one's not being able to turn, when once lodged on such an elevated tier, and extrication must

be attended with imminent peril; with legs pendent over the sharp edge, and body

“ Aloft recumbent o’er the hanging ridge,”

it remains for a lurch of the vessel to shoot you with projectile velocity into the public reservoir, with a lively hope of alighting on the soles of your feet. The sea is rippleless, and the small engine works away manfully, gallantly propelling the “Admiral,” whose name the vessel bears. We have a motley assemblage of travellers; Swedes, Russians, Poles, Finns and Germans in profusion. Our gubernator is an Anglo Finn, born under the Russian flag, and brought up in the English merchant-service. He has quite the air of a British sailor, bluff and jolly, a perfect ambulatory refreshment, with a store of anecdotes which he dispenses freely. His risible faculties are most excitable, and a joke sends the “pearly tears” coursing over his globular cheeks now so resplendent with vermillion, that we momentarily anticipate a fit. He still delights in preserving the custom of his infantine days, by habitually adopting the pinafore when in the exercise of his mandibular energies at the mahogany, as we observe at times similarly performed at continental *table d’hôtes*, by the insertion of the napkin under the chin, supported by the neckcloth,

from an exemplary regard to the safety of the habiliments from oleaginous droppings. The cabin dedicated to epulosity is for'ard, and the passengers being too numerous for its prescribed limits, an extension is made into the second class ladies' saloon, which is partitioned ordinarily by a simple curtain; our prandial occupations are occasionally interrupted by a nasal solo, emanating from the receptacle for invalid voyageurs, who occupy these berths in doublets. An inner position with a stranger marinely indisposed, must really be refreshing, on a stormy day especially. A Russian or a Swede approves of the plan; solitude to them has no charms even in the steamer bins, we wish them joy in their tastes.

It is a lovely afternoon, and we have just passed through the midst of the Russian Baltic Fleet, or rather two divisions of it. Each one consists of one 110-gun ship, two 90, two 80, and four 74, with a proportion of frigates and steamers. Two of these are now united for summer manœuvring, minus one 110-gun ship which is at Cronstadt undergoing repairs: in a violent storm a few days ago in the harbour, the maint'gall'tmast was carried away by the lightning, when some dozen men were killed and the spar *never* recovered,—we perfectly understand why! It is a beautiful sight, there is a

sufficient breeze to swell the canvas; we have just passed under the stern of a 90, and are now crossing the bows of the 110. The fleet was in line, but has broken into columns; so many fine-looking ships together have a splendid appearance. But the internal arrangement of these floating fabrics are not what come up to an English sailor's idea of the correct thing; the quarter-deck is not so sacred as in a British ship, and with the usual Russian strictness observed in large bodies, we are surprised at the want of etiquette manifest, officers and men lounging about together, and a jabber kept up not to be surpassed on board a French vessel. The setting and taking in sails is rather a tardy process, but what can be expected from such nautical heroes, who have spent the greater part of their lives at the plough, brought from a thousand miles inland, and to whom a timber raft on a canal has been all that could give them a notion of a ship, and a trip on its peaceful waters a vague idea of

"A life on the ocean wave."

Besides, what miserable wretch can possibly run up the ratlins, or shin up the t'gall'tmast, with straps to his pantaloons and an Albert hat on his head, it would be some difficulty for him to keep his perpendicular on

the deck with his "little fingers on the seams of his trowsers," much more to go aloft to shake out a reef, or sky up to the main truck. Let Russia do her utmost she will never possess a navy formidable but in numbers. A war singly either with England or France would do her immeasurable injury, for her every ship would be soon swept from the seas. She has nothing to fall back upon, either as regards ships or sailors, having no merchant navy, and Finland cannot supply her with a sufficiency, and Constantinople which she has an eye to, without a navy she will never capture by force. More particularly then is it her wisest policy to remain our staunchest ally.

We have passed a night in our cells, a corpulent character with yellow bristly hair, like a head-brush, and a mouth like an owl's, occupies the lower one in my cabin; his shelf projects, and his upturned eyes view with dismay my form on its periculous descent from the exalted lodgment, anticipating its rapid transplantation to his ventriculous carcase. No dislocations of limbs happily take place, the reservoir becomes a parish wash-house, lustrations are performed, breakfast is dispatched, the beach is descried, and we anchor in the gun-bristled harbour of Reval.

This town rejoices in being the capital of Esthuania,

and is a German quaint-looking place, giving you the idea of walking through Prout's paintings, with all the enigma of crooked streets, pointed pendent gables frown upon you on all sides; the principal buildings are on a hill, from the summit of which a good panoramic view is obtainable; the harbour is extensive and capable of containing the whole Baltic Fleet. We have strolled through the highways and byeways, and plunged into



the midst of the market-place, where cabbages and pink umbrellas seem to predominate, looked in vain for pretty country girls, and sketched the costume of the peasantry, which is picturesque.

The passengers on board the little smoke ship have accumulated prodigiously; the why and wherefore has been solved. A ball takes place this evening at Helsingfors, where we are bound, and the fares are reduced one-half for the trip across the bay, and all the gay deceivers of Reval are migrating thither to enjoy the pleasures of *dear-stalking*. It is a lovely afternoon; the sky untinctured, save with the golden rays of a burning sun, the air oppressively hot, the sea still and motionless. A small black cloud peeps above the horizon; it rises rapidly, and in a few minutes the distant water is crumpled, the clouds, black as Erebus, come rolling over our heads, riven by the most vivid forked lightning, the thunder peals above us, and the once placid sea is lashed into curled waves. The wind howls along, and catching our awning, tears it into ribbons; the rain and hail pour down in torrents, and the sea washes over the paddle-boxes. Such is the mutability of human affairs. The holiday-makers are much alarmed, but the little boat weathers the squall most bravely. We scud before the breeze, and soon shelter ourselves behind the rocks, where frowns the fort of Sweeborg, and we are soon moored in safety alongside the peaceful quay of Helsingfors.

Situated at the mouth of the Wanna, this city is now

the capital of Finland, since the cession of that territory from Swedish to Russian rule. It is a clean-looking town, and famed for its bathing advantages, a sort of Russian Worthing, where diurnal dips are perpetrated by the votaries of Hygeia, when

“ All agree,
With one consent to rush into the sea,”

during the months that the waters are not icebound ; and the present is the fashionable season.

The new Lutheran church, built in the Greek style, with its azure-starred dome, is the finest edifice in the town ; it forms the apex of an immense pyramid of stone steps, and there is some probability of its being completed, as a great number of workmen are employed upon it. In the same square are the Hall of Assembly, the Governor's house, and the Alexander University, the students of which number four hundred. The town is small, but neat and clean. Among other objects of attraction is a small theatre : we enter the threshold, and tread the boards, a histrionic mania seizes us, and we accordingly perform the closing scene of *Macbeth*, *à la* Macready, much to our own satisfaction and the astonishment of the attendant janitrix, who evidently considers us to be suitable characters for a temporary residence

in Finnish Bedlam. Evening draws on, so we dress and make our way to the Assembly Room, where we find the lovers of the dance footing it away with infinite glee. The same furious waltz as in St. Petersburg, and the sober methodical quadrille are being performed. As foreigners and Englishmen, we proportionably attract attention, for this track is little beaten by travellers. We are welcomed cordially and urged to dance, but for the present we decline, that we may watch proceedings. There is a very fair sprinkling of beauty, and from the specimens exhibited, Ancient Muscovy must yield the palm to its new relative, Finland. I get up a conversation with a benevolent looking individual with a very communicative air about his physiognomy. In broken French, he tells the birth, parentage, and education of every one, I enquire about. The *belle* of the room, it appears, is an heiress, under the guardianship of a vigilant aunt, who is vastly particular, imagining that every young swain will be carrying her off for the golden essentials of this life that she possesses. That crafty Oxford man has struck up an acquaintance, and has started a desperate flirtation. Each pretty sentence conveyed in a splendid amalgamation of languages, and all much to the dismay of the hawk-eyed old lady, who is horrified at the handsome young Englishman making

such way with her ward. She is like some mammas we often see at home, when a handsome but poor relative amuses himself with her rich daughter, in great tribulation fancying that the good-looking young fellow must be making up on matrimonial spec, little dreaming that he cares not a rush for the girl and her thousands, but that he dances with her for duty, and flirts partly to please himself—partly to vex the rich relations, the young lady all the time laying the flattering unction to her soul that to possess her he would readily offer up at her shrine his dexter orb of vision. She too has the notion that

“ In our cold clime,
Gold is the god, and Poverty’s the crime,”

so she would lord it over him. There are fortune-hunters no doubt, and that there are some, who, for a due proportion of the tangible, would wed the crone that Sir Anthony Absolute pictures as a wife for his refractory son, I can believe; but these are as rare as they are despicable. Thousands may joke, and declare they would marry a witch for money; that the “*res augusta domi*” precludes the delights of matrimonial bliss which they covet, but when the hour arrived, they would be

the first to wince and back out. I envy him not who looks at the specie alone. For my part—

“ I would rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,”

than doom myself to share a home with her I should despise; “rather be a dog, and bay the moon,” than have perpetually to act a lie and profess with my lips a love that my heart daily told me was elsewhere, and another’s.

But what a digression! Fitz B. and another fair one get on famously. The dance continues merrily, but we soon retreat to our floating domicile, cleared of the mobility, and in the morning we find ourselves moving onwards,

“ When nought is heard,
Save the rough cadence of the dashing wave.”

The voyage from Helsingfors to Abo is one of the prettiest things conceivable. We pass through an archipelago of islands deliciously green, and rich in wild flowers and plants. Now we pass through a narrow creek, where overhanging boughs brush the sides of the vessel; now entering an extensive lake, the distant foliage sweetly blue; now steaming along as if on a river, with occasional openings, displaying pretty landscapes; and

then on to wilder spots—rocks noble in their barrenness, the dark blue waters rippling on their stony sides, whilst over and beyond the lofty mast and snow-white sail of the native boat glides by majestically, recalling to mind—

“The slow canal, the yellow-blossomed vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail.”

We are lolling on the paddle-boxes, the morning is fragrant and cool after yesterday's storm, and we revel in the delightful prospect, the ever varying change of form and colour, the rich brown rocks, the luxuriantly green trees fading into purple, the bright blue sky above, the dark blue water beneath, the spray dashing from the bows and glittering in the sun with rainbow hues, all charming to the eye and gratifying to the senses; and of the many pretty scenes we have witnessed, few have pleased us more than this lovely trip through the islands of the Swedish Archipelago.

Abo, once flourishing as the capital of Finland in days gone by, when Sweden held her sway, exhibits “the sere and yellow leaf” of greatness. The River Aurajoki glides through the town; its mouth is guarded by the fort of Obobus, and it requires no little skill in steering a craft through the shallows.

The Church and Observatory are the principal edifices, the latter now being used as lecture rooms. Up on a rocky height is the Observatory, which we visit and ascend to the roof to survey the town. Before the fire of 1827, it was in its glory, but as the University, principal buildings, &c. were destroyed, the capital was removed to Helsingfors. The streets are regular, but the highways would afford pasturage to herds and flocks, the weeds are so luxuriant. A stray cariole enlivens the dreary spot at times. But there is an extensive *société*, to which we are attracted in hopes of discovering therein some more relishing edibles than we have at our manducatory disposal in the steamer. The *salle à manger* we find chequered with tables, where famished individuals are busily engaged, absorbing with astonishing rapidity savoury concoctions of original appearance, the obsequious "Kelner" displays a document, which imparts the refreshing knowledge that matter for refectation is obtainable in endless variety from the cuisinal laboratory.

The Finnish has been liberally and literally rendered into the English tongue for our edification, and we have the choice of ox-steak, calf-steak, calf-cutlet, swine-steak, sheep's-leg, and so on, reminding us of some of the Parisian *restaurants*, where the liqueur "*Chinois à l'eau*

de vie," is translated "a Chinese in brandy." Our lot falls upon calf-cutlet, and an unctuous conglomeration appears, redolent of garlick, and smothered in fennel and other species of the grass kind. Our *entremêt* is a *cock-de-bois*, which we innocently imagine might be cock of wood, alias woodcock, but the "*rara avis*" proves to be a species of capon, old as Methuselah, with a parchment hide, and must have lived at the period of the great fire and then and there been roasted. A supply of Finnish beer, a sort of attenuated rhubarb and magnesia tends to gravitate the solidities, but it is funny stuff, and our paymaster disburses the few farthings necessary in liquidation of expenses, and we adjourn to the billiard-room. The Finnish game appears simple; it is similar to trundling twenty-four-pounder-shot into carpet-bags, over a common; the balls prodigious, the pockets yawning caverns, the cloth undulating, like the Brighton Downs, and each cue about as much in a right line as the hind leg of a Covent Garden fruiterer's donkey, spurning tops. It is a difficulty to keep the globes from racing into the craters. We have tried our skill, but not wishing to be smoke-dried, we will leave the meerschaums and the Finns to their devices and enjoy the fragrant air of a lovely evening in its stead.

The church is heavy, and without any architectural

beauties, but interesting as being the cradle of Christianity in Finland.

The steamer remains here till morning, and we are again "cribbed, cabined, and confined," within its timbers for the night.

Day dawns, if it can be called so in such a latitude. The steam is up, the small boy vociferates "all right," with a genuine guttural *r*, and we bear away for Stockholm. The scenery is much the same as that we have already passed, very pretty but not sufficient diversity. This evening we stop at Kollandso, the last island of the Archipelago, and the captain lands for orders. We man the jolly boat, and astonish the spectators by pulling this portly commander on shore. Foreigners can see no fun in what we call boating, and can discover no object in pulling when there are men expressly for the purpose. They are like the natives of Eastern climes, who see no fun in dancing, when they can hire people to do the graceful for them; but we must not blame them for not entering into the spirit of our national sports, for we equally despise some of their amusements.

We have coffee on deck under the awning, the calumet of peace is lighted on all sides, a loquacious Frenchman tells us of his Norwegian trip.

Another morning and now we leave "the Baltic's

broad billows," and enter the Straits which approach the royal city of Stockholm. The town is some thirty miles from the sea, and the entrance studded with *skars*, renders the view pretty, for the trees are evergreens, chiefly pine and firs, occasionally naked rocks of gneiss rise in boulders in great variety.

The Fort guarding the river is but a poor defence, and not calculated to show much resistance.

CHAPTER XII.

“Wave-encircled, seem’d to float,
Like castle girdled with its moat.”

SCOTT.

AND now we are moored at the Quay before the royal residence of Sweden’s kings. Stockholm, as viewed from the river, has a beautiful appearance, rivaling the city of the Sultan; prettily situated on a number of islands, it has all the air of floating on the water, the scenery around is rich, with agreeable diversity of hill and dale.

And now we look out for the phalanx of soldiery that is to take possession of the gangway as at St. Petersburg, and for the posse of officials to scrutinize the passports. Happily we look in vain. A single officer takes our word that we have nothing contraband, and we are at liberty. We bid adieu to the jolly Commodore and once more set foot on *terra firma*. The merits

of various hotels are enlarged upon by their respective touters, to which we heed nothing, but a commissioner pounces upon us, so to his tender mercies we resign ourselves, and we are carried away to an *hôtel garnie*, when we sally forth in search of novelties in the mean while, "dropping the anchor of curiosity in the harbour of expectation."

The city has not much the appearance of a capital, the streets are badly planned and narrow, with mean-looking houses, the pavement is outrageously bad, and apparently the place looks deserted; but this is not the fashionable season, for the gay world have left the busy capital

"T' exchange the centre of a thousand trades,
For clumps, and lawns, and temples, and cascades,"

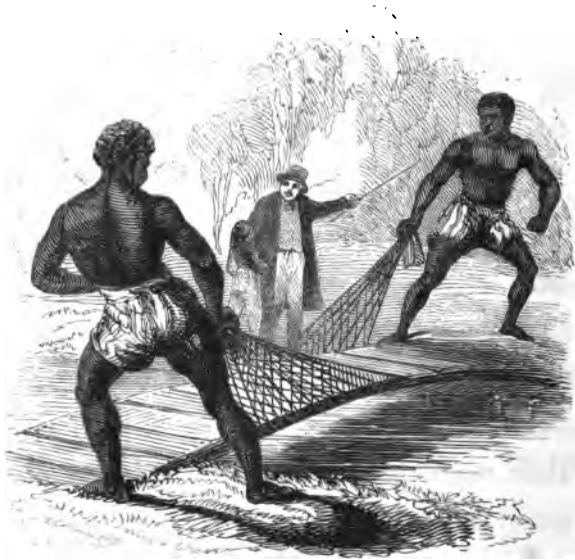
and to ruralize at their country residences some few miles off.

The environs of the town are the most attractive; and the first evening we charter a carriage, and explore the parks, which remind us of our own insular landscapes, from their resemblance. Countless channels of water, bounded by forest-trees, and springy turf, the undulating ground, the broadest openings disclosing "the neat white cot embosomed in the trees," here cultivated spots, there an expanse of pasture land, delightful to behold.

A series of royal country seats are dispersed here and there around the capital, the finest of which is that of Drothingholm; the house contains a valuable collection of pictures. The Haga is quite an English park

“ With still retreats,
Umbrageous walks, and solitary seats,”

and requires but deer to make you feel at home. A pretty little iron bridge spans a piece of water, uniting an island which is in the centre. The standards are two



negroes holding a net, which forms the pathway,—rather an original idea.

Another extensive park is Swartsjö, where is a Royal residence; and on an island east of the town we find a Zoological Garden, the Regent's Park of Stockholm, where the fashionables meet.

The greatest lion in the capital is the Ridderholm Church, more a depository of military trophies than for ecclesiastical purposes. Some years ago it was burnt down, the relics were fortunately saved, and since then a more stately structure has been erected; the spire is remarkably handsome and light, made of cast-iron and open, forming a triple tier of Gothic arches, rising above each other and tapering gradually. The architect, a Swede, deserves great credit for his taste and skill. Divine service is never performed, but it remains as a mausoleum to departed kings. Here lie the remains of Gustavus Adolphus, "the lion of the North, and the bulwark of the Protestant faith;" opposite repose the bones of Charles XII., while here lie those of one scarcely less celebrated in modern times, the gallant Bernadotte. Around on every side thousands of banners and standards, that once flaunted gaily on the battle-field, the rallying points of Sweden's enemies, now hang their dingy folds, drooping as though in sympathy with those who waved them, and lasting memorials of the valour and success of Sweden's former sons, when in

years gone by, the brave Gustavus or the valiant Charles led forth their conquering hosts to victory. Around stand some twenty equestrians in full armour, the coat of mail Gustavus wore, and those of other kings and renowned generals; here is the sword Charles used at Pultowa, as also the dress in which he was killed, his gauntlet and shirt smeared with blood, and the standard he himself took. The dress also of Gustavus in which he received his mortal wound is likewise preserved as well as the sword, hat, and decorations of Bernadotte, gratifying mementos to the Swede, recalling the conquerors of Leipsic and Lützen.

The principal and handsomest building is the Palace, of which the Swedes are vastly proud; it is of stone and well situated, of good architectural design, the small wings breaking the massiveness that it would otherwise have. The interior is very poor, the rooms small, and the decorations insignificant, plaster and paint abounding; the Royal Family are on an excursion to the south, so we roam through the private apartments. The King's library is small, but abounds in the most recent works of modern authors, and we find English volumes on the table with the leaves cut and markers in them, showing they are not purchased to be looked at simply. Portraits of the Royal Family grace the walls, and Charles XII.

figures away upon a corpulent dray horse with frightful spavins; the animal is effecting a prance, got up by the insertion of those fearful rowels, attached to the heels of the gallant cavalier, into his pinguedinous flanks. The sword of Gustavus stands in the corner, a weapon that would make the degenerate arm of the modern warrior ache again, by merely going through the exercise, much more in hewing and slashing iron-clad foemen intent upon sacrifice. His ponderous helmet is also there, not as commodious a head-dress as the Templar cap by any means. Swords and fire-arms decorate the walls. In the regions below is a collection of coins, antiquities, &c., called a museum, which it behoves the traveller to inspect and admire.

Before the Palace stands the colossal statue of Gustavus III., not a very brilliant production.

The theatre is closed, but we have visited a sort of barn, where performances are perpetrated. A most alarming melo-drama has been enacted. A fearful gentleman, with cloven hoofs and posternal appendages, rises in the midst of furious brimstone to appal the stout heart of the inconstant lover, who has been making terrific love to a gaunt bony female, in ringlets and white muslin, who has a particular friend in a venerable witch, much given to incantations, who forthwith summons the

above unpleasant gentleman from his lodgings in Hades ; then there is an awful dungeon, and gaolers, and poison, and daggers, and such like pleasing appurtenances to domestic bliss, and two blue lights burn magnificently behind the wings, and the actors look aghast, when down comes thunders of applause and the curtain—and so we depart.

The scientific world are now interested in experiments that are being made in grooved guns of heavy calibre ; each gun has a double groove revolving once round and a third in the bore. Some experiments have already been made, with great success, but the gun, from being overcharged, burst, and now more extensive trials are to be made under the sanction of the Government. Nearly every continental nation has sent an officer to furnish a report. The range is expected to exceed the present one by a third. The machine for grooving is capable of preparing a gun in twelve hours. The King of Sardinia has already ordered several to be prepared and mounted for some of his forts, where a longer range is desirable. The uncertainty when the experiments are to take place has determined us not to wait long at Stockholm expressly to witness them.

The Swedish soldier is a curiosity. As in England he is a rarity ; a stray sentry is occasionally to be discovered,

and a trooper may be found after a diligent search in the neighbourhood of a barrack, which is a comfort, after the military population of Russia; and, by the bye, it was this military Government that Lord Ellenborough, when Governor-General, proposed for the administration of our Indian empire, where it might not be objectionable. But to the soldierly Swede, why does the Horse Guards of Stockholm furnish such unmilitary-looking uniforms? The casquette of the cavalry is the forage-cap of the French light horse grown to seed, running full two feet



in redundant prosperity—a most splendid arrangement for effectually dislocating the wearer's neck in a breeze;

it looks like a royal and skysail in one. Talk of Albert hats; these quite out-Albert Albert in absurdity. Swedish jokes have flown about at their expense, and one paper has been suppressed for being too severe. The shackoes of the Guards are also of an anomalous nature, having a similar upward extension, to beguile one with the idea that the pigmies are grenadiers.

For the infantry, the Prussian fireman's helmet has been adopted, the coatees have either skirts of enormous longitude or of alarming scantiness, the national colour being blue with gamboge facings.

The army entirely disapproves of these alterations, and wear them with a very bad grace.

The same system is used as in the feudal era, and as now in Russia, of paying regiments by allotments of land. The proportion for the Colonel produces an amount equivalent to three hundred pounds, which can be made up to him in money, corn, or other provisions. The men are kept by the farmers, each of whom has to provide one. When during his absence on service, he tills his land, and in case of his falling in action, must find a substitute. When dwelling on the farms, they are tried by the civil courts, but when in camp or garrison, or on the line of march, by a council of war. Each company assembles once a month, and each regi-

ment annually. The Guards and Regulars, however, receive their pay in money; the latter are apparently a fine body of men. The standing army is small, but, as in Prussia, there are different calls by which the defensive force of the country is considerably augmented in time of war. These are termed the *Vaerfvade*, or Regulars, the *Indelta*, or Rural, and the *Bevaering*, or Militia, which may be divided as follows:—

	Infantry.	Cavalry.	Artillery.	Engineers.
Regulars . . .	3,670 . .	1,100 . .	2,800 . .	376
Rural . . .	29,400 . .	4,000 . .	200	
Militia . . .	130,000			
<hr/>				
Total . .	171,540			

There is a great deal to remind you of Germany in Sweden. The languages have a considerable resemblance, though the latter is much softer, and consequently far more agreeable to the ear; both are dialects of the ancient Teutonic, hence the similarity. Not only in the language, but the customs of everyday life are essentially German. The raising of the hat and uncovering the head, at the sight of an acquaintance, is carried to an immense extent. Those individuals connected with the hatting interest must reap a prosperous trade, for the wear and tear of brims must be frightful. We have

watched one character develop the crown of his head seventeen times in a hundred yards. Among the low, as well as among the high degree, this dehatatory manœuvre is effected; almost as bad as the German who takes off his hat when talking to himself. One is considered a Goth, if, on entering a shop, the head is suffered to remain covered. It seems to be a rule of Swedish life to molest the castor at every available opportunity.

A budget of letters from "friends so far away" greets us on our return to our hostelry at night. How greatly does it enhance the pleasure of travel to think that miles away, in our happy homes, fond friends are ever turning their thoughts to the far off land, and as each longed for letter arrives, the distant journeyings of the absent travellers are traced and talked over; more than one eye brightens at the glad intelligence; none would hasten his return from those enjoyments, though a fond sister or "dearest friend" might breathe a silent wish to be there with him. Oh, many are the hearts that are gladdened by the wanderings of one loved one; his pleasures enliven the fireside circle, his roamings are the theme of their discourse, his hopes and wishes the thought of their hearts; and to him, when far away, what gorgeous palaces, what splendour in nature and art, could lure him away from first poring over the welcome

tidings from his home. Ours are joyful ones, chequered however by one unpleasantness:—A “much loved one” tears the Oxford man away from us; we ask him not to stay when happiness, and such happiness, awaits him elsewhere, and we only grieve at losing a most agreeable, talented, merry companion. The following morning we escort him to the quay, when a steamer bears him far away.

CHAPTER XIII.

“Chaque jour nous apprend des choses dont nous ne nous doutions pas ; on se forme beaucoup par les voyages.”—VOLTAIRE.

A STEAMER is bound for Upsala, and we propose visiting the mines of Dannemora, some thirty miles beyond. We find ourselves at an unpleasantly small hour in the morning on board the boat. Among a motley crew we discover a student who speaks in our own tongue, and from him we become enlightened as to the panorama that passes by us. The scenery is very pretty, thoroughly Swedish, islands, white sails peeping over, and pine, beech, and fir reflected in the still water. The weather is a thought too hot, inclining to tropical, we bask under the awning, and fix our attention alternately on the scenery, and on a very pretty daughter of Scandinavia, with blue eyes, and with an irreproachable foot and ankle, then we are lost in wonder who the stiff little

personage can be who sits so very close, and looks as if he was a victim to the tender passion.

The sun reaches the meridian, and we land at another Regal residence, while some goods are being disembarked. The mansion is rather rusty, but the grounds pretty. Some splendid avenues of horse-chesnuts in full blossom emit a delicious fragrance. At three o'clock the towers of Upsala appear, and once more we are in the midst of urban explorations.

In by-gone days, this was the metropolis of Sweden, and even now kings are crowned here. Idolatry flourished most extensively in the early centuries, and the great temple stood here till Christianity swept it away, since when, the head of the Church in the archbishop has had a residence within its walls. The principal edifice is the Cathedral, built in the thirteenth century, it is constructed of red sandstone, with two towers, in the early gothic style, without transepts.

Close to it stands the University of Sweden, where some thousand collegians prosecute their studies. Medicine, divinity and law, having their respective professors. The library contains nearly a hundred thousand volumes, and to this is attached an anatomical theatre, a chemical laboratory, a collection of natural objects, a botanical garden, and an observatory from whence the Swedish

astronomers reckon their longitude. Upsala rejoices in many other establishments for the instruction of the rising generation; schools are plentiful, and charitable institutions abound. The town is a straggling place, streets pretty regular, but the houses small.

The costume of the Dalecarlian peasantry is very picturesque. They sport the colours of their parishes; the married women wear caps, but the maidens have handkerchiefs fastened under the chin. An open bodice and thick short petticoats, and hob-nailed shoes, exposing a



foot of leg and ankle. These girls migrate from the western highlands as the summer season comes round,

and proceed to the Capital and its neighbourhood to work ; after which they return home to enjoy during the winter the fruit of their honest toils. Haymaking is their principal employment, but they are to be found doing all manner of hard labour. The smiling, rosy cheeked "Steena," who volunteers to stand still while the pencil traces her figure in the sketch-book, has a very gay red and green bodice, pink handkerchief, scarlet apron, black skirt, and red stockings ; but we see yellow, blue, orange, and, indeed, all coloured damsels in every direction.

We have now seen the lions, and Toby, our *laquais* has been making travelling arrangements. He has reported progress, and now states that all is ready ; he has chartered a primeval pony phaeton, and a pair of animals are attached, and away we go. The pavement gets worse and worse, most woeful asperities, and calamitous disruptions ; but the little animals tear the machine along "over the hills" most bravely, "and far away." Toby handles the ribbons. Victims of persevering constancy, we anticipate eventually reaching the thirty-second English mile, where we are to pass the night.

A courier has been dispatched to order the relays of horses, and we at last burst into the open road or track—a most circuitous tracing. The engineer must have had a most limited acquaintance with the fact, that "the

shortest distance between any two given points is a right line," for it meanders inexplicably. It has its advantage however, there being a series of short rises, the rapid descent of one sends us spinning up the other. The road traverses fields, and hundreds of isolated gates arrest our continued advance; hedges and ditches, or any species of separation are wanting, and these unhappy looking gates standing solitary on a wide expanse to block up the way, add nothing to the beauty of the landscape or pleasure of the drive. Precocious urchins of tender years swarm round these gates, and a fierce scramble ensues for the small copper that is flung to them; the unsuccessful ones, with short legs and long wind chase the vehicle to the next gate, participate in the ensuing scramble and so on, till their fingers touch the coveted metal.

Our trap displays symptoms of a general break up from old age, we momentarily anticipate its dissolution; some disjunction of its members, in the shape of a wheel deserting its axle, or an elopement of the pole and carriage from the body, or some similar alarming catastrophe.

The harness of Swedish postiers is somewhat aboriginal. the traces and breeching are joined to the collar, which consists simply of two wooden hames, the whole of which

apparatus remains fixed to the carriage. Thus when a fresh animal has to be harnessed, the hames are loosened at the bottom, which detaches the whole affair from the pole, the harness is lifted up, and the animal slips from under it. A fresh beast is pushed against the pole, the same harness, which adapts itself marvellously to every size and shape is then hauled up, the identical strap is buckled, and all is ready. We have just changed tits. One unfortunate animal was taken to the wrong side, and was literally made to scramble over the pole to his proper place. The same traces we have often seen to answer for every horse in other countries, but here there is an addition of advantages.

The Swedish horses scarcely rise above thirteen two, and are wonderful little creatures, well formed, with great speed and amazing powers of endurance; driven in from the fields full of grass and water, they are tackled in and trot fifteen miles occasionally without turning a hair. The expense we do not find to be ruinous, our two nags, with the one for the courier, or Förebüd, making three, according to Cocker, and for a distance of thirty-two miles we are to pay but thirteen English shillings, or about three-halfpence per mile per horse; and we have the carriage for the journey and back, at our own disposal, for the enormous remuneration of six shillings.

Such is Swedish posting, provided you send on a courier, the "gartyifvars," or horse-owners, are bound to give up for your use their animals, though they are otherwise engaged at the time. Without this, you may be detained for hours at each stage, in which plight we have just beheld a party chewing the cud of bitter expectation.

Relieving Toby of the reins, we put up the steam, and, by nine o'clock, dashed up to the door of the small hostelry, where we are to pass the night:

"Nor look for entertainment where none is.
Rest is our feast."

A delicious morning. We have left our rustic abode to inspect the iron mines. The ore is here of a very superior quality, and the greater part of the Sheffield steel is made from it; there being less sulphur, it is more easily tempered, and the manganese renders it easy of fusion, without waste. It is in great quantities, and many thousand tons are annually produced and exported to England. The mines are numerous and extensive. We find but one steam-engine on the estate for pumping out the water; the original power is by rather an awkward contrivance. At a mile and a-half distant, by the Wettern Lake, is a fall of water which turns a large

wheel, and this gives a horizontal motion to two long rods, (extending that mile and a-half;) these rods being attached to cog wheels, give a vertical motion to the pumps, which make them effective. The rods are suspended across the country by huge transverse frames at a distance of every ten yards. During the summer months the ore is collected at the mouth of the shaft, and when the snow is on the ground it is carried away to the "fabric," some two miles off, to be smelted and converted into bars, and then taken to Oregrund, from whence it is exported—England alone consuming about nine thousand tons annually.

We have descended "*in fauces Erebi*," and paid a morning call on the subterrane occupants of the mines.

The depth of the shaft is six hundred feet, three times the length of the Monument. To a small wire, which revolves upon a large wooden cylinder above, the buckets are suspended, one reaching the mouth as the other arrives at the bottom of the shaft. We are a quarter of an hour in the descent. A fuliginous mortal ignites a torch, which makes the darkness visible. We float downwards through forests of timber. We peep over and descry a light beneath. We near it; it nears us; the fellow-bucket shoots up, and we watch its ascent. The mouth of the shaft is like a pin's head;

rumbling sounds vibrate through the passages; they become more distinct; human voices are recognised; we feel



a bump, and our journey is completed. We grope about the chambers, apparently a hundred feet in diameter, and take refuge in a solitary gallery that is being driven, while an explosion takes place for our edification. We watch the miners at their work, stumble over masses

of iron and timbers; find our way to the bucket, clamber into it, and up we go like in a balloon. The tub gets a rotatory motion, and we whizz round and round frightfully; the cold, chilly, damp atmosphere gets more congenial to one's feelings; the light of day once more shines upon us, and we "breathe the free corruptless air" of heaven again.

We explore the externals of the other mines, which are more extensive and open, but not so deep: at the bottom of one lies a patch of perpetual snow. And after a satisfactory search amongst cinders, iron, and the like, we adjourn to our cabaret, where a rural repast is served. A sort of sea-pie graces the festive board; a heterogeneous amalgamation of edibles, a manducable encyclopædia, in fact. Next appears a compound which we agree must be a rice-pudding; sugar and custard are added to render the whole palatable, and we vote it a tolerable imitation, when lo and behold a bone of the finny tribe rises from its depths, and we analyze the nature of the preparation, and it proves to be fish, minutely minced like grains of rice, which, in our innocence, we deemed to be pudding—a hint to housekeepers.

Toby and our trap are at the door; two other carriages took their departure half an hour ago, and they will leave us like Richard the Third—horseless. We

touch up the tits, and Toby looks wistfully at the wheels, expecting some involuntary aberration on their part, little imagining they can revolve so rapidly, but they keep tight hold, and we catch up our mortal enemies, who persist in keeping in the centre of the road, and smothering us in dust. We take the earliest opportunity, however, of running our pole into their back panel, which clears the way, and so we rattle on famously. At the next stage the horse-keepers thought we had driven too rapidly, and were in doubt about furnishing us with steeds. We felt inclined to adopt the "*argumentum baculinum*," but we have heard the uselessness of this proceeding. The peasants collect in twenties, and half murder you, as in a case of late occurrence. This is the nuisance of the system; you are left to the mercy of these ignorant hounds.

We have our last team; beautiful trotters and very fresh; the attendant seizes the whip, and states his determination to take home his horses if we drive so rapidly. We intimate to him, through our interpreter Toby, that if he ventures even to express an opinion, we purpose giving him a temporary lodging in the first ditch, which stops his figure of speech, and he gives vent to his wrath in subdued growls. But Toby is worthy of remembrance. By birth he is a Swede, but from

his calling, he has acquired a smattering of various languages, his principal efforts in English being confined to "You see—I say—You see," which are produced at all seasons. We have just had a splendid specimen of his collocation. Our tits have been galloping full split down a steep hill, with an uncommonly queer turn at the foot, which awakens lively emotions of alarm, and large anticipations of a capsize in the little breast of Toby. He thus expresses the state of his mind: "I say—you see—you not drive so fast, you see—he take from *la voiture* his horses—you see."

"Speak French, Toby."

"*Tres biang allez doucemong—parce-que eel dit, vous allez trop veete.*"

"Tell him we'll put him in the ditch, and you with him."

"*Biang*, but you see, he says you see, you see his *chevaux* are so full, you see, of the field of the grasses you see, and he says you see, *il n'aime pas aller si veete*, you see."

"Hold your stupid tongue, Toby, and go to sleep." Thus terminated one of our conversations with this enlightened and intellectual *valet de place*.

Once more at Upsala, where we find shelter for the night. The morrow's sun discovers us amidst fresh

explorations; near this is a tumulus lately opened. In the centre of a large mass of bone-ash formed from horses, dogs, and perhaps a hecatomb of men, stands a potter's vessel, containing the mortal ashes of some once notorious thief of the fourth or fifth century. The class of ornaments found determine the era of the tumulus, and as the workmanship is Eastern, it may make fine pabulum for some shrewd Pundit.

In the neighbourhood is the house of the once great hero of the university, Linnæus. Here was the botanical garden laid out by him in the Frenchified style, and here stands Byström's statue of him. Near the high road is his native dwelling, an unsophisticated farm; and here too on the road to Stockholm, lies another unpretending nest, identified with native genius, with one who bids fair to revolutionize the world of song, one who was as the wild daisy by the wayside, a "wee modest crimson-tipped flower," who might in any moment have been driven by the plough "amang the stour" save for her self-cultivation and indomitable perseverance. Pastoral as herself, simple as her name, is the abode of Jenny Lind's old parents,—a present to them in their old age, a filial tribute to those who bestowed no especial parental care upon her.

A few miles from Stockholm is the Island of Sar-

kastra, connected to the mainland by a floating wooden bridge; this contrivance shows an inconceivable waste of timber. Beams and planks to the depth of five and six feet float between vertical piles driven in to preserve the alignment. The roadway planks are exactly level with the surface of the water, and across which the wheels of passing vehicles go hopping along, splashing right and left.

At Sarkastra is the house of our *Chargé d'Affaires*, at whose hospitable board we had the pleasure of meeting the diplomatic body.

Stockholm sets a noble example to other continental capitals in the number of its charitable institutions and scientific establishments; the hospitality of the good citizens is proverbial, and we bid adieu to it, grateful for the kindnesses we have experienced, and the welcome shown towards us. Sunrise finds us being pulled away from the shore, to embark on the canal steamer.

Amongst other eccentricities we find that females preside in the numerous small craft that ply across and along the several channels which dissect the town, and ferry the populace across the rivers.

We see boats full of huge unwieldy men being sculled about by Dalecarlian damsels. Many of the skiffs, however, are provided with propellers or paddles, which are

turned by handles, and at these you see the girls working away most energetically.

It went rather against the grain at first, allowing ourselves to be rowed about by the feminine gender, especially when a buxom maid was at the oar; but whenever that was the case, it invariably happened that a bony tough old mother, much given to loquacity, handled the other, which seemed to act on our politeness as to affording relief. We soon got reconciled to the ungallant system, taking to it most kindly.



CHAPTER XIV.

Beneath, the distant torrent's rushing sound
Tells where the volum'd cataract doth roll
Between those hanging rocks.

CHILDE HAROLD.

A STEAMER starting for Gothenberg across the lakes and canals, and traversing the heart of Sweden, numbers us among its passengers. The "Thomas Telford" is its name, built to suit the numerous locks, and with engines of thirty-six horse power, it has accommodation for sixteen first-class and ten second-class passengers. Our cabin is six feet by eight, of the micro-cosmic order, consisting of a passage bounded on two sides by couches, and a convertible wash-hand-stand table facing the entrance, which is screened by a baize curtain to ward off the vulgar gaze from toilet mysteries; the weather is oppressively warm, like the Ganges in May, not a breath of air, and the funnel close to the door of the passage sends a flood of heat radiating along it,

producing a state of inexpressible calidity. The deck is a shade cooler as we pass through the air, the scenery as usual pretty, lakes and channels bordered by grassy banks, trees springing from the very edge, stretching their boughs far over its surface and mirrored in the glassy stream. Our fellow passengers have occupations of a most innocent nature, silence and meditation predominating. A row of Eve's fair daughters sit opposite, as frisky and loquacious as mutes, absorbed in dreamy reflection. Two lively heroes of the sword let an occasional word escape their lips; one, an engineer, is contemplating a survey which he has just concluded of Stockholm and its environs, while two seedy characters are deeply involved in a game at backgammon, throwing the dice direct from their palms; the board is some feet in length, and the pieces are like muffins. A queer-looking individual, with two sandy tufts on his upper lip, like camel-hair pencils, accosts us, and descants largely on the benefits of Hydropathy. We believe he has tried it, for his outer man is above the average state of cleanliness, and we wonder whether wearing short pantaloons can be among the requirements of that system, for, if so, he conforms most religiously to the directions in that particular. His French is not Parisian, but is copiously interlarded with the purest Scandina-

vian, but he is amusing, and even breaks out into a jocular strain, quite an event in the life of the solemn Swede.

The bell rings, and the herd rush violently down into a steep place in the fore part of the vessel, and the Captain amuses us while the pabulation is going on. We find him a well-read, agreeable, gentlemanly man, talks English like a Briton, and is an officer in the Navy. English is much studied by the Swede, and is the next favourite to German. Like the Russians, they are capital linguists, and it is not uncommon to hear four and five languages spoken fluently by them. The naval officers are obliged to be able to read and translate both English, German, and French before they can pass an examination for promotion to a superior rank.

This day we pass along through numberless channels, mount several locks, and skirt an archipelago of islands that fringe the main land, the dark-blue waters of the Baltic in the far distance, closing once more into narrow creeks, lakes, &c., when daylight waning, the lofty spires of Soderkoping peep above the wood, and soon after are we moored for the night by the banks of the East Gotha Canal.

Soderkoping, once renowned as the fairest city of Inner Sweden, in days gone by, when the bells of thirteen

convents daily tolled their solemn peals, calling to prayer those immured within their walls, while all was bustle and gaiety without, now shows but little to tell of its former opulence, and is a miserable-looking place.

Emerging from our kennel this morning, we find ourselves on the Roxen lake. The surface of its waters is a hundred and six feet above the level of the sea, and to which we have ascended by a series of fifteen consecutive locks; during this operation we have landed, and stretching ourselves, "*sub tegmine fagi*," on a mossy bank, are enjoying the delightful prospect across the lake. The heat is intense; and in such melting moments, what can be more luxurious than lolling in a *far niente* state of listless idleness, to enjoy the beauties of nature so extensively developed? We are experiencing it to perfection.

On the western bank stands Linköping, near where the Grand Duke Charles successfully fought against Sigismonde.

Through the province of Motala the landscapes are very pretty; the canal is bounded by fields waving with luxuriant crops of wheat, barley, and rye in abundance, with peas and potatoes as variety. At Motala itself we find the manufactory for the engines, machinery, &c. for the canal; and here lie the remains of Count Platen, the chief engineer in the undertaking.

From Motala we leave the narrow waters of the canal and dash across the open bosom of the Wettern Lake and soon lose sight of land.

A welcome squall cools the temperature, and as the sun sets we anchor for the night near the fortress of Carlsborg, half way across the lake.

This fortress is built on a neck of land jutting out into the lake, and is destined to be a central depôt for arms, &c. It can scarcely be honoured with the title of fortress, for the line of defence consists merely of a simple fieldwork tracing, though of a very large profile, with five faces, and scarcely any flanking defences. On the exterior of two of the fronts are martello towers, more for musketry than artillery. Stone curtains, perforated for musketry, cover the gateways; but the whole work is too extensive for any effectual resistance to be made; some spacious barracks are in course of construction within.

Daylight finds us once more ploughing the Wettern Lake. This is one of the largest in Sweden, having a superficial area of nine hundred square miles, and is two hundred and eighty-eight feet above the level of the sea.

A few hours brings us to the West Gotha Canal, where traversing the Tifveden ridge of hills, it acquires a height

of an additional eight feet: and passing through the Mariestad province across a distance of twenty miles, we reach the Wennern Lake, the second largest in Europe, and at mid-day we are far away from its rocky shores, and steering over its fathomless waters.

Our friend the Cold Water Cure Major has made the sad discovery that some departed traveller of the previous night has decamped with his portmanteau, by mistake, and left his own in exchange.

The poor Major for three melting days has worn the same raiment, and imagining that it would be advisable and advantageous to his particular comfort to sport a clean shirt, endeavours to make a reference to his stock of linen, and discovers the lamentable separation that exists between himself and his wardrobe,—he forcibly opens the box that is left, but heaps of parchments and law papers roll out in lieu of the spotless garments he desires; so the poor Major keeps to his shirt “of other days,” and is by no means disconcerted. Here is a simple and lucid solution of the mystery of foreigners’ luggage, which is usually a “pocket edition,” of a most portable nature, and in which the Swede again resembles the German, which reminds us of the domestic, who on being questioned as to the length of her master’s absence from home, sagaciously remarked, “That she could not

possibly say, for that he might be away ten days, or he might even be away for a fortnight, as he had taken *two* shirts with him."

With our national exclusiveness we now descend the perpendicular steps to partake of the dainties in the culinary department of the "Thomas Telford."

"A rosy-featured maid" emerges from a slit in the panel which divides the cabin from the pantry, when she is accosted with, "*Sprechen sie Deutsch*," "*Parlez-vous Français*," "*Parlate Italiano*," successively, to which a shake of her head is the response. The captain saves us in our inextricable attempts at Swedish, and orders the finest fare. Behold it!—

Baked veal—amorphous, stringy, and viscous. Raspberries with curded milk—cretaceous, smoky, acetous. Porter A 1, and bread *à discrétion*.

Bread! Heavens, no! Rye-cakes, tough and hard as chips of the Great Pyramid; nourishing no doubt, and at a very low figure, but considerably better adapted for rats and other animals partial to nibbling and dyspepsia. The Swedish style prescribes sundry specimens of bread being placed at table to suit the masticatory powers of the partaker. Our Ganymede has complete mastery in subduing the frothiness of ripe pale ale and bottled stout. We have practised the plan and succeeded glo-

riously. It is simply this, to invert the neck of the bottle into the liquid in the tumbler as it is being poured out, the froth then rises into the bottle, and the draught is ready for immediate disposal.

At five o'clock we arrive at a small island in the centre of the lake, where we are to remain at anchor till midnight. The captain lends us the jolly boat. The sky is tintured with roseate hues, reflected in the unrippled lake; we scull about the channels and discover a most inviting spot "where slowly winds the stealing wave," to enjoy the luxury of a plunge into the tempting element. Never was a more refreshing swim.

Our fellow passengers drop in and leave us like clouds flitting across the sky in every variety of shape and kind, as sedate as so many Jobs. To open a book with them would be monstrous, to let a syllable escape is daring, and to pace the deck outrageous, an over lively one is rash enough to twiddle his thumbs; but if not agreeable, they are all quite harmless.

At eight o'clock, when rising from our "dewy feathered sleep," we discover we have crossed the lake and are approaching the village of Wenersborg, a small place built by Gustavus Adolphus, and after a pretty run of some thirty miles along the West Gotha Canal, we arrive at the celebrated Trolhättan Falls.

The steamer takes three hours to descend the numerous locks, so we sally forth under the direction of some stray juvenile, who impressed with a lively foreboding of realizing some few remunerative *skillings*, undertakes to point out the beauties of the spot. This river is the only outlet from the Wennern Lake to the sea, and contracting at this place, the mass of water comes bounding wildly over the rocks with a fall of a hundred and thirty-two feet. To connect the passage of the upper stream with the lower, and make it practicable for boats, a canal has been cut in the solid rock with a series of locks; a work displaying considerable engineering talent. We first examine art and then start away to admire the more striking beauties of nature. We soon find ourselves on a ledge of rock overhanging the first fall, and from this point the view is truly magnificent; the immense body of water, all smooth above and clear as crystal, dashing madly over the ridge with a roar, is broken and flung about; the whitened foam bubbles and rolls onwards, now playing over a cleft of rocks, flinging its spray far and wide; now bounding tipsily against the mossy bank befringed with foliage, all wet and glittering in the sun; now dashes on again, leaping boldly over sunken stones that cause it to froth and boil once more; then scattering its white crests on the space below, till

gradually subsiding, it merges into the smooth yet rapid river. Around are lofty rocks, clothed with lichens and forest pines that tower on high, or peep over to watch the gurgling scene below. "These are Thy glorious works, Parent of Good!"

The view from a small suspension bridge that spans a narrow channel is very beautiful, but from the islet itself, which cleaves the falling mass of water, the effect is extremely good, on the one side the torrent rushes by bright and green as chrysolite, while on the other, it is precipitated downwards on to a boulder of basalt, and curling upwards bears the reflection of the richly coloured rocks, thus resembling a Golden Horn, the name by which it is significantly called; but perhaps as pretty a view as any can be found at the foot of the fall lower down when looking up you trace the waters on their rapid descent, while the distant sound

"Just undulates upon the list'ning ear."

We have seen far more extensive cataracts elsewhere, but though the fall is so limited, yet the mass of water compensates for that, and such a cascade is surely more impressive, than when falling from a great height, it becomes converted into a shower of spray before it reaches the ground.

No romantic spot is without its affecting *historiette*. The one we gathered here tells of a tragic tale, how that once upon a time a village-dance was held hard by; all hearts were light and eyes were bright, save with one poor maiden, who beheld her affianced far more devoted with a rival *Aleeka*, than she could bear to witness. The "green and yellow fit" had scarcely overtaken her, before she saw her faithless Adolphe steal away with his new love. Later in the day she thought of tracing their footsteps, and in a boat above the falls, she found the pair locked in each other's arms and sound asleep. It was the work of an instant to cast off the moorings and to turn the head of the boat into the rapid stream; she did the deed, and the skiff and its sleeping occupants were dashed over the foaming cataract and hurled to destruction.

We hurry on to join the steamer, which we find leaving the lowest lock, and on we go down the river, passing delightful scenery.

"Sinuous or straight, now rapid and now slow,
Now murmuring soft, now roaring in cascades."

The lofty hills clothed with verdure, recalling the Rhine, to which it bears a resemblance; the castled crags

are wanting, and perhaps the tales of those baronial ruins are what chiefly delight the passing traveller. Save these, this noble stream is quite as lovely. Beyond, the scenery is again changed; the hills have disappeared, and the Rhine becomes the Thames at Richmond, with verdant lawns, and trees whose boughs bathe in its waters and meadows fresh.

“Of grassy swarth, close cropp’d by nibbling sheep,
And skirted thick with intertexture strong
Of thorny boughs.”

Such is the Gotha Elf, and such the Trolhättan Falls; and now Gothenberg breaks in view, and once more again are we at rest beside its busy Quay.

Gothenberg, or Yoitebour, as in the vernacular it is pronounced, flourishes as being the largest sea-port town on Sweden’s western shores, and having an extensive commerce, England being the principal consumer of its exports, and from her, too, she chiefly derives her imports. The Canal, edged with trees, running up the streets, reminds one of the Dutch towns.

Of the splendour of the buildings, and the magnificence of the general aspect of the city, we find a resemblance in Wapping. The church is passable; the houses

have an air of half finish about them; the scavenger would revel in the streets, and the pavioir find employment for life in levelling the rugged ways.

We engage carioles, the national conveyance of Sweden, which is of the unsociable order, containing but one; the weight is suspended between two supports, as in the second leverage—the whole affair of the rudest and most primitive construction, and we drive about our spanking little trotters through highways and by-ways, and undergo most involuntary fits of saltatory exertion from the machine driving in and out of the pavé. We have taken up our quarters in a sort of “Rushlight and Snuffers,” or “Cat and Bottle” establishment, not of the most aristocratic nature, but the first *quasi* hotel of the place. The inhabitants have entirely omitted the acquirement of any other tongue than the vernacular, of which we are most profoundly in the dark, but, by an ingenious disposition of fingers we impart to the aborigines our wants and desires. We invade an apartment which we understand the present lodger is about to vacate instanter, make ourselves quite at home, much to the amazement of the lodger in question, who has not the most remote idea of taking his departure; he talks German, and a light breaks in upon us. We have mistaken the room, and

accordingly shower pardons and decamp to our proper quarters.

Our anticipation of a three days' sojourn in this unattractive place is rather fearful, and we make resolves to rush down to Helsingfors, in carioles, and cross the strait to Copenhagen, but we shall gain only three hours, and get a baking in a solstitial sun, so we are in the midst of debate, when a well-known voice, in the person of our present respected Consul, gladdens our hearts. We assault his room, and are received with open arms and astonishment. To his knowledge of the language and acquaintance with all the society of Gothenberg, we are indebted for converting what might have been three wearisome days to days of pleasure and amusement.

We are lodged in a double-bedded room, in the proximity of tiles and rafters. Our beds are offsets from the German stock, and look like mahogany sarcophaguses, of limited dimensions; the counterpane floats on a sea of feathers, and appears the picture of solidity. Unwarily you throw yourself upon it, and you become immersed as instantaneously; two hands rise to the surface, and the tassel of a nightcap is presently seen bobbing about (like a buoy at the North Foreland), as the body to which it appertains flounders among the passive feathers

to become extricated. The heat is intolerable, and "three chairs and a bolster," in such weather, would be immensely preferable. Our resource is to invert the



sarcophagus, entirely to discard the feathery arrangements, and to stretch our sheets and body upon the natural bottom, which, if not the softest, is the coolest place. The sun is glittering without, and we seek refuge in the bath, and perpetually take dips and plunges. There is a capital place where young ideas can learn to swim. It is a shallow spot close by the river, surrounded by small sheds for dressing in, and with stages where the divers can perform feats, the highest one being some twenty-five feet from the water, from whence you see little urchins flinging themselves, in all ways, and

“Dancing about like porpoises,
Or whales at play.”

Other "*rari nantes*" paddle about in canoes, and upset themselves, and all species of antics are performed by the scores that are constantly at practise. A second enclosed bath has been erected, a very neat and commodious building, where hot and cold salt-water baths are procurable, and which are patronized extensively.

The afternoon brings us comparative coolness, and the unutterable delights of Swedish society. The fashionable time for dinner is the unconscionable hour of three in the afternoon, after which the correct thing is a stroll in a public garden, to enjoy a cigar or two.

Just beyond the Boulevards that encircle the town is a species of suburban tea-garden with a building attached, designated a club; while in the grounds, which are about the dimensions of Mecklenburgh Square, are erections of various kinds, whilst centrally situated among them is a position that certain individuals occupy, with various instruments for the production of music, into which instruments at stated intervals of the evening, these individuals blow loudly and lustily for the immediate entertainment and enlivenment of the promenaders, who smoke their cigars keeping time to the polkas and waltzes, and for those who, seated in the

surrounding arbours, may be taking tea or imbibing more potent and exhilarating drinks.

Certain fair damsels, decked out according to the latest Parisian fashions, are seen flitting about the shady walks and among the chairs and benches, dispensing such delicacies as the various tastes seem to prefer, ices and bottled stout, lemonade and "warm with," and such like commodities. These sweet creatures never deign to respond to a call, but a most polite request, backed with a smile on your part, may eventually secure attention to your wishes. Such independent creatures it would be difficult to find elsewhere, but the poor soft Swede cares not for such intolerable affectation and pride; he palavers a set of ugly wenches, till they actually believe themselves to be good-looking and attractive. "*Mica vacca lilla fleeka*," "my pretty little dear," one hears on all sides addressed alike to the maiden of blushing fifteen and the harridan of ninety. Such is life, a compound of eccentricities!

The pecuniary affairs of this country are simple yet complicated; the metallic currency is but a name. Copper is certainly appreciable and explicable to the Swedish peasant. Silver, however, is a thing fondly imagined and dreamt about, but its reality is questionable; and as to gold, it is a matter, untalked, unthought,

unheard-of indeed. Paper in various tints performs the part of the precious ore, and so unmercifully is it divided and subdivided into minute fractions of value, that the change for a guinea would fill a moderate-sized carpet-bag, and as for a five-pound note, an additional portmanteau would inevitably be required. We are utterly amazed and need the multiplication table to be tacked to the tip of our tongues, such alarming calculations are forced upon us.

Göteborg is decidedly not the liveliest place under the sun; it appears to be the head-quarters of the red herring legion, unnumbered millions are perpetually being fished up, salted, drilled, and rank and file sent off in detachments of casks to such habitable regions of the known world, where their flavour is duly esteemed and relished.

We are feasting at a *restaurant*, the business at the *table d'hôte* for the day is finished, and the company have betaken themselves to their wonted postprandial recreations, leaving behind them a "*chaleur épouvantable*." A thunderstorm is bursting overhead, and we open the window to let in a little of heaven's pure air, but the landlord and his satellites rush and close it; they are in mortal dread of the lightning, they imagine it will single them out for instantaneous destruction, and

no earthly consideration will induce them to think or act otherwise. Poor timid puerile Swede!

As in Russia and Italy before the meal, provocatives to appetite are taken; a glass of some stimulant I can fancy having an effect, but am lost in conceiving how a sandwich and anchovies or cheese, or such solidities, can have the power of enlarging and extending the organs of voracity already keenly acute, for the cravings of hunger cease when the digestive organs are engaged; but imagination works wonders, and it is as well to fancy oneself on the extreme verge of famishing, so I doff my hat in submission and follow the fashion. Hospitality in Sweden is proverbial, and during our short sojourn in the country we have every reason to think it is not an idle saying, though we have not availed ourselves of the opportunities offered. The conventionalities of private life are peculiar: it is an act of atrocity for any son of Adam to offer his arm to a fair daughter of Eve, and the fact of a gentleman handing a lady into a room, even his wife, would be considered a most heterodôx proceeding, and almost render the individual liable to be expelled from the canons of society. I remember hearing of an affectionate English couple, novices to Swedish customs sailing together arm in arm into a drawing-room before a party just assem-

bled, they were looked at as if they were anthropophagi at least. A Swede afterwards observing that it looked so odd, perhaps not so bad though after all, and he considered that eventually he might become reconciled to such performances. The fact of an eligible bachelor walking with a young lady, even with the parents close by, would be enacting the part of common crier to the world at large, and the neighbourhood in particular, that very shortly there would something have to be done with a ring, and that a remarkably pleasant ceremony at the altar is shortly to be effected.

For the benefit of invalids a water-drinking establishment has been erected, and mineral waters prepared according to the analysis of the continental springs are to be got here, and this is the magnet that attracts so many visitors during the summer months, who cannot afford the expense attending a trip to Carlsbad, Baden-Baden, or Spa.

With the dawn of day, these mortals in search of the gentle Hygeia are to be seen collecting before the counter, presided over by the gentle Naiads of the spring, and quaffing their tepid draughts; this bibitory process finished, the company adjourn to the exercising-ground, for the specific object of having some health shaken into them; a few paces rapidly up and down the avenues of

shade, while the greater number range themselves on the elastic benches, to be bumped about.

These long planks, supported at their extremities and with a dozen seated thereon, perform their office nobly. Away goes some vigorous gentleman, more hilarious than his neighbours, causing the plank to spring up and down with frightful jerks; his comrade, a portly lady of eight-and-thirty summers, gets out of time, and is bumped up on high, displaying a vast extent of elephantine ankle; she appears disquieted within, but on they go, how



delightful, bump, bump—all the good in life, jolt, jolt—the lady is again out of time, but soon gets righted; a

party gets very excited, makes a tremendous renewal of efforts, which immediately dislodges a small man with an oil-skin cap, who pops clean off, picks himself up and creeps away. The remnant persevere and the bumping continues, till quite fatigued they desert the plank, which is now at rest, and bend their steps homeward, till the morrow's sun finds them with fresh zest and renewed powers, when the same operation is religiously gone through.

The subject of a railroad seems to engross the attention of all classes at present: a scheme has been set on foot to establish one as a beginning from Gothenberg to Stockholm. The advantages of an iron way of communication right across the heart of the country are palpable to the most superficial observer, but there are especial advantages which will be of the utmost benefit to Sweden, bringing it to greater proximity with the other nations of the great European family, from which at present its capital is so far removed; the fact is, that at present it takes more time to reach Stockholm than New York from London. In the event of a northern war, and the Baltic being occupied by the contending fleets, the most direct route to St. Petersburg would be through Sweden; and the present tedious passage through the canals would be dispensed with, by adopting

the more rapid and agreeable journey by rail. To a Company the scheme appears likely to be a most productive one, for the construction of the line could not amount to much, the country across which it would have to pass being level, not a tunnel would be required, scarcely a cutting or an embankment to be made, and not a river to be crossed of any considerable breadth. A party of engineers, under Sir J. Rennie, have completed a survey, and it appears that 5000*l.* a mile would be ample to construct a single line of rails, which perhaps would be sufficient for the traffic of the country. Sweden, however, is too poor of itself to perform the undertaking, and though every one appears most anxious for it, from the king, whose heart and soul is in it, to the young ladies, whose delight at the thoughts of being brought nearer to London and Paris, causes them to dream of it, still English gold is wanting, and the sooner that is forthcoming, the speculator as well as Sweden will have reason to be thankful.

The Swede always looks happy, and it does one's heart good to see the contentment that plays on his countenance. We wish him every prosperity, and we shall ever look with interest and pleasure on every blessing that falls to the lot of his country. And now farewell to the land of the Visigoths.

CHAPTER XV.

Whose battlements were screened by tufted trees,
And towards a crystal Mere, that lay beyond
Among steep hills and woods embosomed.

WORDSWORTH.

A "SMOKE-SHIP" is weighing anchor, ourselves and impedimenta are on board, the "distant spires and antique towers" of Gothenberg fade in the distance, and we find ourselves once more on the ocean wave. Compared with the Lilliputian craft we have been travelling in lately, this vessel is prodigious; it seems a journey from the taffrail to the bows, and our customary companion-ladder of "three steps and at the bottom," has become a flight of stairs. We are now in the Categat, and we are pacing the deck. It is a heavenly evening; the bright moonlight glances upon the waters; a few white fleecy clouds float softly by, the darkened shores of Scandinavia lie on our left, calm and silent.

Our companions are from various climes. We endeavour to trace in their countenances, by the moon's rays,

from whence they come. We can swear to a Frenchman and to two Germans, though the former, for once, is mute, and the latter are lost in their meerschaums. We imagine another to be a Spaniard; he is enjoying a cigarette, and the young girl next him must be a sister, from the resemblance, and a mother next to her is smiling on her offspring.

But the most interesting couple are very close to each other, near the taffrail. A young Danish officer, and a girl with the brightest eyes, which seem to glance favourably on her lover. He commences humming an air; the stillness and loveliness of the night overcome him, and he bursts forth in a louder key, singing with a clear good voice perhaps some love song to his fair one; it may be the tender strains of his country's poet, Ingeman, set to song.

“ Oh! lovely's thine eye, but more lovely shines thro' it

The spirit unwasted, unwithered by time.

The frame may be fair, thro' whose crystal we view it,

But fairer within is the picture sublime.

“ And thy breast, like the arch of the temple ascending,

Is fair, but it swells o'er a heart more divine.

I love the white arches in majesty bending,

But worship the god that's enthroned in the shrine.”

An unfeeling steward rushes up and offers flowery

Pekoe to the happy couple. It destroys all the ideal and the romantic. I could have kicked the wretch overboard; the very idea of offering tea to a couple in love! What monstrosity! Ambrosial nectar from the gods, proffered by some fairy sylph, might alone disturb such ethereal moments of bliss; but plebeian Bohea of all things, offered by a human anatomy, without a soul above a napkin; the very thought curdles in one's imagination. But the couple cannot be in love; they have accepted the earthly draught, and asked for more. I give them up. "I'll no more of this. My pretty little" picturings "are scattered at one fell swoop." I was beginning to wish myself in love, in a dream; but I seek it no more; I ask for realities—and—call the steward. Another officer, in the Danish Engineers, becomes communicative. He speaks French fluently, and imparts for my edification military peculiarities of his country; he seems very intelligent, and we get on together famously. He has been in Norway, examining some improvements in mining, and in testing ores. A Scotchman also is among us, on his return to the land of cakes. His engineering and mechanical talents have made him conspicuous in Gothenberg. To him that town must be grateful for what he has done, and his extensive plans for the further amelioration of the country

will tend considerably to enrich not only the town, but the country. Amongst others, is his proposal for carrying off the water from the Wettern Lake, and converting its bottom into pasture land. Night wears on; the decks are cleared; and the beds below are filled. These are not sufficient for the number of travellers, and so shakedown beds are contrived. Bedding is laid upon stretchers, which are strewn about the floor, and the reign of snoredom commences. A portly old Dane, wakeful and demure, comes down to seek repose, and preferring a more elevated position, transfers his mattress to the top of the table; from our repositories, we watch the sedulousness with which he adjusts the clothes for a comfortable rest; all is ready, but he has left something on deck, for which he climbs up the companion ladder. An idea suggests itself to us, which is too tempting to resist. We rapidly entangle his sheets into the mysteries of an apple-pie bed, the practice of which, in early youth, has made us adepts.

We are quietly ensconced once more; the other passengers, who are awake, see there is a joke, and lie quiet, awaiting the issue. The placid old gentleman returns, undresses, imagines all is as it should be, turns down the lamp, till a faint glimmer only shows us the effect, hoists himself upon the mahogany, and then into the calico,

and commences making vigorous efforts to extend his nether limbs, to allow of a horizontal posture being attained. The scene is ridiculous. He kicks and plunges, and utters choice Danish exclamations of disgust. We attempt to remain grave, and nearly swallow our sheets in repressing our mirth; but the titter becomes a laugh, and the laugh a roar from all sides, at the irresistibly ludicrous scene of a stout demure character, on the top of a cabin table, at midnight, away at sea, getting inextricably entangled in his bedding. At last he roars for the steward, who eventually arrives, and the obstreperous linen is duly arranged. He fancies us to be the inhuman cause of his sufferings, but he cannot speak English, and we have forgotten our Danish, so it passes off.

A similar scene occurred in the wilds of Corinth, in which I myself figured away as principal character, affording a hearty laugh to all who witnessed my distress.

Those who have travelled in classic Greece no doubt feelingly remember the hosts of ferocious Philistines that are the tenants of every hut and hovel in which it falls to his fate to seek shelter for the night. These heavies, ably supported by the light brigade of mosquitoes, make lucrative acquaintance with every wretched unoffending

mortal who daringly attempts to sleep unprotected from their sanguinary and vigorous assaults. Amongst other contrivances made patent by ingenious man, there is one which our worthy guide, Polykronopulos (perhaps the reader may know him), especially patronized, resembling a huge stocking, composed of some light material to repel the onslaught of the voracious monsters. The proposed plan of proceeding is to draw the stocking over your body, and to lie quiet in the foot of it, your head being at the heel; while some benevolent friend from without lifts up the leg, tightening the aperture, and fastens it to the ceiling, or some elevated projection above your head. In theory, this is delightful. To be able to contemplate from within the futile efforts of these obtrusive tormentors, prowling and hopping, and singing away in joyful expectation of effecting an entrance to banquet on your tempting anatomy. But try it, gentle reader, on a sultry night; drop into such a muslin bag, and I engage you will soon sing out as lustily as I did for some good Samaritan to let you out. I shall never forget the scene. The insurgent muslin getting more inextricably entangled, merciless friends without roaring at my very disquietness, my legs and arms crippled, feeling suffocated, and with lively thoughts of being smothered, and of "shuffling off this mortal coil" inglori-

ously in a stocking. Willingly would I have feasted ten thousand "skippers," rather than have ventured again into such an anti-bite contrivance.

A brilliant sun rises gloriously; we find, on resuming the deck, that we are entering the Sound. It is a lovely, clear, bracing morning; the water still calm; a beautiful schooner is sailing alongside.

On our right is Elsinore, and there rises the Castle of Cronenberg, rearing its time-worn battlements, where Denmark's princes formerly resided. On our left is Helsingborg on the Swedish coast: here in this narrow strait the Dutch fleet under the gallant Opdam, first forced a passage under a terrific fire from both shores, and a triple battery from the war-ships in the roads, and gallantly threw succour into Copenhagen besieged by the Swedes. In later days again the British Fleet here passed, regardless of the homage due to the Governor of the Castle; they lowered no topsails, and fearlessly received the thundering showers of shot directed to them from the batteries, and bearing proudly on ranged themselves before the fleet and fort of Copenhagen. These deeds are too recent to need recapitulation, but passing the same course and viewing the same scenes, the mind delights to recall one of the most brilliant events of modern days, and the most

daring achievements that adorns the page of Nelson's history.

Copenhagen has a fine effect from the sea; a noble harbour filled with the largest men-of-war lies in front, a mass of handsome buildings, with lofty spires and towers are behind, while in the background rises a range of hills clothed with wood. We land without annoyance; the streets we first traverse are very regular, with large stately edifices of stone; we pass an octagon, where the statue of Frederic V. is placed, the sides are edged with palaces. The pavement is good compared with the atrocious specimens we have seen of late. We arrive at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, and our autograph may be discovered in its list of travellers.

Our guide leads us out to see the novelties of this Danish Capital. It is market-day, and the grand place is inundated with the rural population disposing of their butter and vegetables; we wind our way among pyramids of baskets and queerly-dressed peasant girls, who wear a facetious contrivance about their head in the way of a bonnet; the anxious matrons sport generally a gaudy-coloured handkerchief over their bonnets. The men are in a sort of Dutch costume, the petticoats are short displaying the tournure of the ankle, the bodices braided most fantastically.

The ancient quarter of the town luxuriates in quaint overhanging gables, and the houses are painted all colours of the rainbow. To reach the door which is below the level of the street, one has to descend steps, and the unwary traveller, intent upon other passing events, finds himself occasionally plunging into these openings with a precipitation totally unanticipated, or else he finds his hat carried away by the overpending lintels. Like as in Russia, the tradespeople adorn their houses with illustrative signboards, expressive of articles disposable within. We have noticed some elegant designs, particularly at the cigar-shops, where the smoke is seen gracefully curling out of the noses and eyes of the parties, enjoying the fragrant narcotic, and who, lolling back in their chairs, are apparently etherialized.

The most fashionable and chiefly-favoured street is the Osterstrasse, the Nevskoi Perspective, the Regent-street, the Boulevard of this capital of Zealand. Here are the finest shops, and the Danish *belle* loves to stroll here to keep up her acquaintance with the latest Parisian fashions, which she finds here in all their glory, and which she loves to adopt to set off her pretty figure. It is, in fact, the only busy part of the town, excepting, of course, the market-place, and here Danish character may be studied. The more modern and more elegant

quarter is melancholy to behold, for the pavement is well-nigh deserted, and even sly weeds may be seen struggling for existence among the stones. One thinks of Venice and her lifeless palaces. The first lion is the Church of Our Saviour, in which are the celebrated statues of Christ and the Twelve Apostles by Thorwaldsen; the dignity and expression of each approaches to perfection. In memory of this great sculptor, of whom Denmark may indeed be proud, his grateful townsmen have erected a mausoleum, in the shape of a house in Pompeii, in which are to be collected copies of all the works of this second Canova. In the court is a cenotaph, where are to repose his last remains.

The Royal Palace is closed, so we cannot gain admission, but we feast our eyes in a gallery of paintings and sculpture, and are led into immense libraries, which contain MSS. of fearful value, and prodigious works, published ages ago. We are shown the obelisk raised to the memory of Christian VII., who abolished the feudal system in his own dominions, and then we pace the ramparts. The fortifications are regular and good; their principal strength consists in the ditches, which can be flooded at any moment. We see the Academy for the Naval Cadets, a superb institution, peep into hospitals, search for and find our letters at

the post-office, get half-grilled in a glowing sun, and return to the hotel for rest and dinner.

We like novelty by way of variety, but a dinner *à la Danois* perpetually we could dispense with. After soup the dessert is handed round, and to do what is done in Rome, we call for their peculiar dish, "*Gâteaux de pomme à lait de brebis*," of which I presume we have an average specimen, it is insipid and unpalatable; we manage with baked veal and damsons, cream cheese and salad, and feel quite refreshed and happy, so tame indeed that a child could play with us. A neighbouring pastrycook shop, which does the duty here of the Parisian *café*, produces ices and curaçoa, which are absorbed by us, while sitting at the window, we watch the busy tide of men veering homewards to their nightly rest.

We are very lucky! we never find our hotel beds in Europe previously tenanted by those nomadic tribes we hear other travellers speak so bitterly about; we presume our skin is impervious to their rapacious attacks, and we never have recourse to the expedient of exploring for the purposes of sanguinary devastation in their camp; all we know of our nocturnal state is, that we get into bed, and consciousness is awakened by a thundering knocking at the panels of the door, and some creature

bringing in boots and hot water, and talking unintelligible language relative to the proceedings of the clock and the sun; when we begin again *de novo* to have our curiosity gratified by the inspection of rarities, and so the days and the nights glide by imperceptibly.

This morning we are up with the lark, for we are to drive miles away to see something of the country, and the Royal residences, chateaux, &c. Carioles are at the door, breakfast is dispatched, and off we drive.

The summer in Denmark is very short, and is accordingly appreciated; the people are passionately given to ruralising, and on any high day and holiday the houses of Copenhagen are hermetically sealed, and all the world start away to enjoy the *al fresco* in the numerous parks that lie around, to pic-nic under the shade of the stately forest trees, that grow here so fine and beautiful, and so stretched on the mossy turf, they beguile their happy hour.

The road to Elsinore is sweetly pretty, at times winding through the noble forests, robed in the densest foliage, now opening out over undulating hills, exhibiting the most verdant and luxuriant pasture land, now closing again and interspersed with country residences, girt by gardens, exhaling the sweetest fragrance; now again by

the water's edge, where lies the Sound, so calm, so tranquil; the beach, with its hardy fishermen—

“ Mending their nets to catch the scaly fry,”

producing altogether an effect that lingers in the memory.

Elsinore itself is a truly nautical spot; sailors, tobacco, and slopshops rule the roast. Jack Tars of every country, and of England in particular, are to be seen cruising along the streets, and dropping their silver. Close to



this rises the Castle of Cronenberg, a fine old pile, combining the fortress, the castle, and the chateau. Its

name is a corruption of the word for an Ear, this being that particular organ of Denmark through which she hears the proceedings of the maritime world ; but I imagine it is rather the pocket or purse, for before its triple rampart every ship lays to, to pay homage to the Governor in the shape of some tangible dollars, and then bears away again. Here hundreds of vessels are ever to be seen, the colours of all nations flying from their rigging.

On the terrace of the castle is the identical spot, where the Ghost of Hamlet's venerable parent appeared to him as immortalized by Shakespere's pen ; and here in these walls sympathy will be awakened at recalling the fate of England's Princess, the sister of George III., Caroline Matilda, queen of Christian VII. Here was she immured a prisoner, "the victim of a foul and murderous court intrigue." An English vessel bore her at last away, and in the Electorate of Hanover, at the little village of Zell, a spot selected by herself, she passed in solitude the remainder of her days.

From the summit of the loftiest tower, a splendid panoramic view lies around. At our feet lies stretched the bright green waters of the Sound, beyond which the Castle of Helsingborg rises, backed by the steep acclivities of the Swedish coast, while to the south the taper-

ing spires of Landskrona, Malmo, and Lund are faintly visible; beyond, the lofty Kollan range, once the Ultima Thule of the known world. Here the most magnificent forest scenery, and there the dark blue walls of distant Copenhagen.

Not far from Elsinore we come to Marienlyst, the property of the Queen Dowager Julian Marie, a spot highly favoured by the worthy citizens in their summer rambles. Near the water's edge, and in a neatly-preserved garden, we find the tomb of Hamlet; a rough stone upon two others are marked as the resting-place of this injured prince. The wind rustles mournfully through the trees, and the breaking waves on the beach hard by toll a perpetual requiem. Save these, all is still.

A drive brings us to Esrom, once the retirement of some Cistercian monks, but now converted into a prison. From what we hear of these "monks of old,"

"It is most true,
A more jovial crew,
Could not be found elsewhere."

Certain legends tell us that the devil once made his appearance among them in the guise of a cook, thinking that in this capacity he could have more power over these holy brethren. First he was appointed assistant; but one fine day, after a dispute with his superior, he

managed to keep the head of the latter in a kettle of boiling water rather longer than was necessary for comfort—in fact, boiled him, when feigning an utter unconsciousness of the deed, he got promoted to the rank of cook. He then commenced making the dinners so luscious that the jovial abbot and his brethren forgot entirely all about prayers, fasting, and holy living, and were rapidly journeying to where the devil wished to lead them. However, one morning he was discovered in the act of appropriating clandestinely the stall-fed ox of some neighbouring peasant. The fact was announced to the abbot, who assembled the brotherhood forthwith and had service in the chapel. The devil tried to slink away, but the abbot held him tight, and exorcised him into a red horse; and his kettle and gridiron were preserved for ages in the monastery as interesting relics for admiring posterity to gaze and meditate upon.

The scenery around is very picturesque. At a short distance is Fredensborg, once a Royal residence, but now abandoned, and fast falling into decay. The park is still pretty, and there are still remaining some of Wiedewelt's stone statues of Norwegians in the costume of the various districts of their country when under the Danish sceptre, now sadly dilapidated. At that period they would be constant monitors to the mind of Royalty, as

he daily paced his garden, thus representing their countrymen, silent in the affairs of the state, and of whom the King should ever be mindful; but now that country has been wrested from the Dane, and these figures are but sad remembrancers of happier and better days.

The lake in the midst of the forest is truly picturesque and lovely to a degree; the water, clear as crystal, reflects the heavens' pale blue. Noble trees branching their boughs over its surface, here and there bathing their emerald leaves in its waters, coquetting with the mirror it affords, save when the wild-fowl or the graceful swan, darting from amongst the reeds that fringe its mossy banks, send the ripple circling far and wide. We stretch ourselves upon the soft springy turf, the burning sun renders the shade a thousand times more acceptable, and we fancy we could rest and make here our abode for ever.

Fitz B. discovers a fisherman intent on piscatorial capture, and practising patience to a very vast amount; for since morning he has been flourishing his rod, the finny tribe evidently objecting to nibble the bait so temptingly offered. Fitz has never handled a fly-rod in his life, but borrows it for awhile to try his skill, and begins flanking the water most vigorously. The fisher-

man smiles at his strenuous efforts, exhibiting far more energy than science; but the mad Irishman persists, pointing out how he touched up the off-leader on the way to Lubeck, when suddenly, to the astonishment of the Dane, and no less to his own delight, a fish seizes the seductive fly, and a few minutes finds it safely landed, much to our amusement. Fitz, by pantomimic display, endeavours to prove to the wondering Dane that that was the correct style of tackling the scaly fry, as practised in England, but quickly restores the rod, suspecting that a second attempt might not prove quite so successful. After this performance we leave the reedy banks, and are led to a better view of the lake from a higher eminence, the silvery beech, the gnarled oak, and stately pine, grow here and flourish; one side is dense with forest trees, the other opens upon luxuriant vegetation, and a lofty range of hills behind carries one home to those charming lakes of Northern England.

Another very pretty drive, through woods and thick plantations, bring us to Fredericksborg, another favoured spot, a fortress floating on a lake, commenced by Frederick II., and finished by his son, Denmark's best and most loved king, Christian IV. Here the latter monarch loved to reside, and he it was who established it. Across the lake the chateau has a fine effect, and its in-

terior, particularly the Knight's Hall and Chapel, are rich in gems and curiosities.

The sun is declining in the west, when very famished, but very gratified at all our eyes have gazed upon, we gladly encounter the edibles prepared for our return at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, and once more we resign ourselves to the mercies of drowsy Morpheus, having, like bully Bottom, "an exposition of sleep coming upon us."

Not far from Copenhagen is Ræskilde, the Blackwall of this city, where, for whitebait, turbot is discussed with all due zest in its season. The Hôtel de Prince, and its renowned host, a captain of pioneers, with a fierce uniform and alarming sword, who does the honours of his table, allures the multitude to feast themselves at his mahogany. The church is a very fine old building, with tapering spires; it is the St. George's Chapel, the St. Denis of Copenhagen, where for seven centuries have reposed the bones of Denmark's sovereigns. But how different are the tombs to those of the Russian Emperors; the latter marked by simple slabs, the former with all the pompous devices of sculpture and inscriptions. Here it was that Canute would have entered, after some sinful act, when the Bishop William boldly interdicted his approach. The courtiers would have slain the venerable prelate, when Canute threw himself at the feet of

his earthly spiritual master, and implored pardon and forgiveness.

The story has further interest. On the death of the King, the good old Bishop was inconsolable, and, declaring that he could never survive his sovereign, caused two graves to be prepared, and, on the arrival of the Royal coffin, fell on his knees, clasped his hands upon his breast, and died.

Near the tomb of Canute are seen those of Eric and Christian IV.—the latter the simplest of all.

The country exhibits great fertility, and we are constantly reminded of "England, our own, our native isle." We are standing to admire a landscape, when the merry laugh and cheery tone of English voices make us turn, and behold two fellow travellers accost us. An Englishman need never fear to be single on his journeying abroad, go where he will, from the Yangtsekang to the source of the Missouri, from Adelaide Bay north to Victoria Cape south, a hundred to one that the first stranger to the land that he meets, will be a son of the British soil. Some travellers love to carry about with them their chilly English manners as they would their portmanteaus, we wish them joy of their frigidity: give me the warm heart that loves to see in a fellow countryman a friend, not that in such a highway as the Rhine,

every Englishman should be "Hail fellow well met" with his cockney steamer companion. But when far away from home, where English feet little tread, where the mother-tongue sounds like the native village bell upon the ear, then to come across a compatriot, to pass and speak not, to meet at table and converse not, that man's heart must be as sullen as the northern clime, and his feelings are not to be envied; but such, one too often meets with; that man should live awhile in a "clime of the East, in a land of the sun," to have his heart softened and his affections nurtured; he should leave at home his formality, his unmeaning stiff shake of the hand, and all the hollow-heartedness and want of feeling that we too commonly see among our people; a good lesson can be learnt from the sister isle. Exceptions, however, prove the rule, and no warmer-hearted men ever spoke than the two we have now met. They have been in Norway in the character of fishermen, and are gloriously sunburnt; they have had magnificent sport, catching innumerable spoil of salmon, of unnumbered pounds, in an unmentionably short space of time. We journey to the capital together; Norway is considered, and then we turn our thoughts homewards, counties are spoken of, mutual friends are traced, grand and strange but interesting discoveries are made—brothers in regiment—best friends—

news yesterday — promotion — Sutledge — gallantry — wounds — return home — mother's embrace, and so on. How often is it the case that the veriest strangers to each other thus find some mutual tie, that is the seed which germinates into friendship; in distant lands it is especially so. You may form acquaintance with a person you never heard of or saw till then, he may have your habits, tastes, and feelings, he may be your best friend; but another you once met at home, he joined, though but once, your family circle, *that* is a claim above all others, you regard him as the friend of those you love, you can speak to him of those dearest to you so far away, and the slightest incident recalling some past event in that now broken circle, serves to unite and bind friendship into affection: and it is the same at home. You meet the friends of him who is separated from them, "it may be for years and it may be for ever," you bring the glad tidings to them of the absent one, whom you have latest seen, you tell of his health and happiness and of his only wish and hope that he may be restored to that circle once more, it is better than all the letters; the mother speaks fondly of her dearest son with a tear in her eye, a loving sister asks ten thousand questions of the playmate of her childhood, the father hears of his boy and blesses him, and how happy do

you feel in thus diffusing such happiness around. And what would life be without these ties of affection: the only man who is really miserable is the man without a friend.

We return to our quarters, and as "*Cras ingens iterabimus æquor*," we lose no opportunity of steering our course about the streets to catch every available glimpse of Danish life. The resemblance between the Zealander and the English is very striking, the cast of features betokens a great similarity, and the healthy John Bullish look is constantly met with: the fairer sex are more favoured by the fickle Goddess of Beauty than the men. The more we travel,

"Where'er we go, whatever realms we see,"

we generally find, that the climate that is favourable for the developement of beauty in one sex, is unfavourable to that developement in the other. Thus in Russia the men are handsome, while the "weaker vessels" are like Huns. About Hamburgh, on the contrary, the women are very good-looking, an ugly person being a rarity, while the men are the reverse. In Greece the men again are handsome, and the women hideous. In Constantinople the contrary, the women there having the advantage. In England we find the difference even in counties,

some of the midland and southern possessing the beautiful fair, while in others the handsome men are chiefly found. Rarely if ever are both combined.

The Danes are a happy race, honest, brave, hardy, and contented; philanthropy is esteemed throughout the land, mendicity is a fable. The Government, paternal in its administration, seeks the welfare and improvement of all its people. Education is not only recommended but enforced. No peasant, however lowly, can enjoy any civil rights unless he is able to read and write, so that if he has not pored diligently over his letters, or fails to write a good round text, a bachelor must he live and a bachelor must he die, for the exclusions forbid his marrying. How different to Austria and Russia, where ignorance in the poor is reckoned to be bliss, that emperors may hold despotic sway. The country consequently has given birth to some of the most distinguished characters whom the world might be proud to own.

The army is small, and on the same sort of footing as the Swedish. The uniform is similar to the English, the colour, however, being a dingy red, or rather pink, with blue facings, the lace, silver, the schackoes like our discarded ones, and the appointments the same: they seem very superior to the Swede in appearance, but not

seeing a review, I can say nothing of their style of moving under arms. How many at home love to laugh at and ridicule the fact of our parading a handful of troops before foreigners accustomed to the reviews of fifty and sixty thousand men, imagining that they must fancy our few regiments insignificant and despicable. Let these people travel abroad, and keep their eyes open, and they will return home and acknowledge that the ridicule was uncalled for; they will find no other troops in the whole world to be compared to those they will find in Hyde Park. I have seen Russian, Austrian, French, Prussian, Neapolitan, Swedish, Danish, Belgic and Grecian Guards, and it affords me more pleasure to see one battalion of the English than regiments of the former. Numbers do not constitute worth, and it is not to the amount of bayonets on a parade that the value of a review consists, or the immense host of Runjeet Sing before Lord Auckland might have been a better sight than our small force across the Sutledge, and which at a later day proved itself the better army. Those who smile, would, I imagine, prefer sitting down to dine off a roast ox, than to a small *recherché* French dish; would rather have a gaunt drayhorse than an Arabian. Depend upon it foreign princes, and the Emperor of Russia particularly, a thorough soldier, have felt the greatest gratification in

seeing our household brigade, small as it is, and I am confident that each one would acknowledge, that next to the Guards of their own country (as a matter of course) the English were the finest in Europe. This is no assertion biassed by a love of country, it is a plain unvarnished fact. In steadiness under arms, precision in manœuvring and in general appearance they are unsurpassed; their determination and physical superiority in action needs no remark, there is proof sufficient of that. This reminds me of the answer given by a patriotic Englishman to a foreign Sovereign, who, after reviewing ten thousand of the *élite* of his army, inquired of our officer, whether he thought England could produce ten thousand men who could beat them in action. "I cannot say," replied the officer, "whether ten thousand of our troops could possibly *beat* those of your majesty, but of this I *am* quite certain, that five thousand would try."

CHAPTER XVI.

“Ay, he’s gone! Methinks I hear the beat
Of oars that bear him far away from Denmark.”

HAGBARTH AND SIGNA.

PLEASANT, delightfully pleasant, we are coasting Denmark’s eastern shores, the afternoon is sultry, the awning is spread, the expanse of water is calm and sleeping, “there is not a breath the blue wave to curl.” The splendid steamer cuts its surface rapidly, we lean over the taffrail, and begin to philosophize. And so it is in life, we mutter half aloud, when serenely pass our happy days, and all around is calm and tranquil as yon sea, we fancy thus ’twill ever last, but some pain, some sorrow unexpected like the paddling vessel, breaks in upon our hopes, and then the peace of mind is broken up by a surge of bitterness, that destroys repose and renders boisterous our closing day.

The “Copenhagen” is a magnificent vessel, superbly

fitted up, and better calculated for royalty than for everyday passengers. The saloon is a drawing-room, crimson velvet furniture, satin-wood panels, richly painted arabesque ceilings, and pier glasses to multiply one's form amazingly: a library and writing materials increase the luxuries, and at dinner-time, a table covered with silver adorns the feast, and improves the beefsteak proportionably. Pale ale in finely cut tumblers is enjoyment excessive for the traveller. The dormitories are splendid and the berths extravagant in dimensions; seven feet by three and a half, an area double of what we have been inhabiting of late, which in Swedish and Russian boats would be assigned to the dual number, and the tonsorial duties can be performed before stately mirrors; the sheets are no longer jack-towels, nor the towels solidities, but everything is unexceptionable. The vessel is Scotch, and carries the mail; the passengers are multitudinous, but principally of the fore. The sun reclines in his ocean-bed, the awning is taken down, and a peripatetic mania seizes the passengers, everybody walks against everybody, couples meet, dodge about, and consummate the proceeding by running against each other; pipes and cigars find their way into as many mouths, and the announcement of a fleet a-head clears the deck aft, and we pace along in greater force. We near the line of

men-of-war; it proves to be the third division of the Russian Baltic Fleet; the two former we mentioned as having seen. A topsail breeze moves them lazily along, we pass alongside an eighty-four, and cross the bows of a large frigate; we are steaming twelve knots an hour, and as evening closes the ships loom smaller and smaller and vanish suddenly from sight. The gentle moon slowly unveils her beauty and deigns once more to smile upon us, she tips the yards of the Russian vessels with her light, and again we trace them far away. The party are dispersed to their quarters, and a few choice spirits remain on deck, and many a yarn is spun; we pass from

“Grave to gay, from lively to severe,”

breathless attention and boisterous laughter prevail alternately. I remember one story of a ghost related by a Pole, his broken English and animated gestures were rich to a degree: the burthen of his tale was somewhat as follows.

During the invasion of Poland by Russia, a small party of Polish troopers were tracking their way across a bleak open country in the coldest of nights: a heavy mist adding to the darkness rendered it a matter of no slight difficulty to distinguish even the horses' ears. The

snow covered the ground, and the soldiers benumbed with the frost, moved steadily forward, extended in line, every eye straining to discover some twinkling light that spoke of shelter and the enjoyment of a blazing fire. For hours this continued, "wilds immeasurably spread seemed lengthening" as they marched, with horses jaded and their riders nearly exhausted with the protracted fatigue, the stoutest heart began to despair. At last a gleam of light struggled through the mist and gloom, flitted about, while towards it the party urged on their wearied nags,—again and again it shone, and like some Will o' the wisp then vanished, and at last disappeared entirely. However, the troops suddenly stumbled on a wretched kind of hovel, and detected traces of human footprints beside it; soon dismounting, the most active crept in at a narrow aperture, when, finding some logs of wood and a hearth, a fire was easily kindled; the interior could only contain five or six at a time, so it was agreed that all should enjoy the benefits of the fire by turns. As the flames arose and shed a light around, the dead body of a woman stretched on a plank and raised a little from the floor was discovered. She had evidently been frozen to death; but to soldiers accustomed to the battle-field and such sights, this was a trifle, and so it was suffered to remain there unmolested,

while with teeth chattering and limbs benumbed, they closed round the crackling logs. Thus they relieved each other, the hovel grew warmer and warmer, and thus the night was wearing fast away. At length the wood was well nigh expended, the last log was fizzing on the hearth, save that all was still as death, each trooper gazing intently on the expiring embers, when suddenly a sound was heard from where the corpse lay, as if it was moving, and an agonizing squeak followed. Every eye turned to the spot, every sound grew more appalling in the darkness, when a fitful gleam displayed to the horror-stricken troopers, the body gradually moving. Silent with amazement they gazed upon it, when suddenly it seemed to sit bolt upright before them: helter skelter they took to their heels, and those who would have stared death in the face on the day of battle, have charged the glistening steel or mounted "th' imminent deadly breach," now fled ignobly before an imaginary ghost; one trooper, however, did not escape unscathed, for his leg was lacerated in his flight. This hostile proceeding was somewhat unsuited to the habits of a ghost, and so the fugitive troopers thought, and therefore resolved, on the recovery of their self-possession and breath, and after due deliberation, to attack the enemy if living, or bearding the apparition in its den. Swords,

pistols, lances, and carbines were put into requisition. It was pitch dark, and on their return to the fearful spot a crash and still more piercing squeak was again heard. The stout but superstitious hearts of the Poles failed them, and the foremost would have fled, but the reserve choked up the exit, so a match was lit, and in a moment the dreadful mystery was made clear as day. It appears that the dead body had laid fixedly enough, while stiffened by the frost, but when the heat, produced by the blazing fire in the little hovel, relaxed the rigidity of the limbs and they extended themselves, the balance was destroyed, and, tilting up, the figure assumed gradually a sort of sitting posture; but what contributed to this movement, turned out to be a large pig, which had been lying asleep or half frozen under the plank. Resuscitated by the heat and touched by the falling corpse, it not only squeaked lustily, but bit the luckless trooper as he bolted.

Such was the *dénouement*, as extraordinary as it was ludicrous, and converting alarm and terror into merriment and roars of laughter. The immolation of the offending animal for supper was a glad termination to the proceedings. In the midst of the preparation the husband of the dead woman returned from the neighbouring village whither he had gone for assistance, and it was his light, twinkling across the wild, which the

troopers had seen first. Had they not accidentally come across the hovel, but followed him, they would have fallen among a strong detachment of Russian cavalry, bivouacking only a short distance in advance, and probably would have been cut to pieces. Such was the Pole's Ghost Story, or Tale of the Haunted Hovel.

The midnight bell has struck, and we are soon in the land of Nod. The morrow's sun is far on his day's journey when we wake; we peep through the port, and lo we are moored in the harbour of Kiel. And a busy day it is too for little Kiel; a welcome morning full of interest to the populace, who look on each Saturday as an era in their little history, for the steamer both arrives and departs. The bustling matrons, the buxom maidens, the anxious fathers, and all the juveniles, hasten to the quay at early dawn; they watch the steamer's advent, scan the countenances of every passenger as they land, surveying the passing scene, and note each object that speaks to them of novelty; they follow the travellers to the rail, and remain watching till the steam, shooting into mid air, marks their onward progress. And then do they return to their home and their labours, and con over what their eyes have gazed upon, and thus do they converse till evening comes, and the boat once more is

to depart; and then again you may see them at the quay, looking intently at the strange foreigners that move by; and then all is ready, and the boat slowly bears them away, and again the lookers on turn homewards and pronounce judgment upon the last batch, and so their days glide by like a dream. The morrow comes; and they begin to consider what the approaching Saturday may bring forth.

We undergo the scrutinizing glances of the assembled villagers, single out a very melting pair of blue eyes, that timidly peep from beneath a fringe of long dark brown lashes, and which wickedly withdraw their glances as we detect their gaze. Yes, I remember them to this day, as though they were beaming as brightly now, and the rosy cheek and the laughing smile. Reader, if your fate forces you to run the gauntlet through this wondering festive group, pace leisurely and watch; perchance those speaking eyes may smile upon you also. I often think of the pretty maid of Kiel.

The line of rail leaving the sea traverses a country flat and unpicturesque; the carriages are very comfortable, and uncommonly well hung; the rails very level, and the pace good. We soon reach Altona, where again our effects are made matters of exploration. This investigation concluded, we mount our carioles and find our-

selves once more in the busy gay town of Hamburgh. It remains apparently in the condition in which we left it; there are the same Vierlanderin flower-girls tempting one to make purchases of pretty bouquets of the sweetest violets, the identical genera of servant-maids tripping about so delicately over the pavement, and the same funeral processions moving along,

“With solemn step and slow.”

We change our quarters, by way of variety, to another hotel, and from on high we look down upon the same “Maiden’s Walk,” where courtship and coffee, meerschaums and matrimony, are considered; and there is the same Alster Water; but now we find its tranquil bosom disturbed by Young Hamburgh, who are getting up extensively for a regatta. Wager-boats, alarming in length, and of a precarious tendency to capsize, are to be seen populated with white jerseys and straw hats, which very energetically strive to effect a degree of unison as regards the motion of the oars; the intention is laudable, but the execution decidedly indifferent, for number four persists in punctuating the back-bone of number five with his knuckles, which effectually discourages the plans of the latter. Stroke catches a crab, and deposits himself upon the knees of number seven, when

bow investigates the blisters on his palms. But the silver cup and medals are in perspective, so the gallant crew recommence with all the vigour that coffee and potage can engender, and pull away in a manner peculiarly gratifying to behold.

Once more we steam across the muddy Elbe, and reach the Eilwagen repository, Hamburg.

We are bound for Bremen; and cruel fate impels us to journey in one of those ambulative arks. "Angels and ministers of grace defend us" from the like again. To sit outside the Exeter mail for eighteen hours in a snow-storm is not lively; the thirteenth seat in an Omnibus with a moist community on a wet day is not to be coveted; to be a shepherd on Salisbury Plain in a stormy winter's night cannot be exhilarating, no more than the crowded cabin of a Dover packet in a heavy pitching sea is a bed of roses: but these must be "trifles light as air," and may be borne, but save me, oh save me, from the "*interieur*" of a Diligence on a dusty day and in a grilling atmosphere. Everybody has seen these machines, but it is not every one who has been forced to journey within their purgatorial precincts. The stoutest of females has occupied my elect corner, and I sit wedged in between her and a German, hirsute and corpulent, who carries his rations in his cap, and regales himself

therewith ; a Bologna sausage, exuberant in garlic, and a roll, compose his feast ; he then dozes, and verging from the perpendicular regards me in the light of a buttress ; but a very forcible compression of the tenderest portion of his arm between my forefinger and thumb has miraculously the desired effect of correcting that tendency to swerve from the vertical.



The corners persist in having both windows closed ; we protest, they refuse ; we register a vow that in two minutes they will be smashed into shivers if one is not let down, which threat, on the eve of its execution, causes one to be lowered. And thus to be for fifty miles

at a Germanic style of progression. Such are the bitters of a traveller's state. Is it not enviable, gentle fire-side reader? However, we change horses, and the conductor, like the miser in the *Fortunes of Nigel*, for a consideration, gives us the *coupé*, and now we are in the pure air. We see the country, and can afford to laugh at our late calamities. We joke with the post-boy about his tackling, and he is angered—we give him a cigar, and it abates. This produces an extra crack of the whip; the leaders shake their streaming tails, and lay back their ears, and give an extra tug; the Jehu holds all the ribbons in one hand, as he would a bunch of carrots, and so we jog on with a lively hope of eventually reaching the walls of Bremen.

Bremen! And how shall I speak of Bremen? Shall I tell of its burgomaster sovereignty; of its freedom from monarchical rule; and of its once numbering itself amongst the celebrated Hanseatic Towns, and of its flourishing condition in the present day? The wealth of nations pours into the Weser from the Northern Ocean, and a cheerful, bright, smiling, happy town is Bremen. The ramparts have been levelled to the ground, and verdant lawns, and shady walks are here; Flora has usurped the sway of Mars. The streets are clean, and we see the quaintest of buildings, with decorations intensely gro-

tesque, and aspiring gables, with the smallest casements, that peer down upon the passing traveller. And now must we pause in the market-place to gaze upon the Elizabethan Rathhaus, with its Norman colonnade and Gothic superstructure, and marble kings of resolute demeanour, that adorn its façade. And there below is old Harold, the emblem of Bremen's power, wielding a mighty sword, and adjusting his garment with his left hand, while his shield is attached to his button-hole. And now we pace the "long drawn aisles and fretted vaults" of the Cathedral Church, and are taken into the veritable council chamber of the Parliament House. We ascend a spiral staircase, elaborately carved into goblins, angels, and animals, and reach the musty gallery assigned to reporters and musicians, to look upon the gilded roof. Before us are some specimens of the pictorial art, as developed in Bremen's earlier sons, almost as comical as certain cartoons and frescoes of a later day. A large representation of one of the finny tribe, with a *jet d'eau* playing out of its eye, is extremely "like a whale;" but the grand effort is the Judgment of Solomon, the living infant, with very open eyes, is looking hard at the warrior who is about to sever its head, while the smothered one, thrown on the ground, is being investigated by a gaunt and famished greyhound. The artist, without the

slightest scriptural authority, has most unwarrantably depicted Royalty with an obliquity of vision, and the whole is evidently designed after the rules of Chinese perspective. Then we have a plan of the city, as it was, and a bird's-eye view of it, as it certainly was not; and a large collection of kingly portraits, dingy countenances, comprising a forehead, two cheek bones and the tip of a nose, the remainder lost in obscurity and dust. We saunter through the streets, bustling with life and activity. The fair creation are busy plying the needle at nearly every porch, in *al fresco* simplicity; the shops we admire much, and though not a capital of a kingdom, Bremen apparently outstrips Stockholm. Our quarters are the Hôtel d'Angleterre: our worthy hostess has assaulted the privacy of our chamber to communicate the interesting intelligence that the loveliest of the women of England is in the house, with her new husband; dilating, moreover, upon the extraordinary beauty of our ladies in general, the immensity of her partiality for them, and terminating with a lively recommendation in particular to join her table at dinner, where we might be gratified at beholding her face to face. We find a smiling bride, plump and rosy, a thought more eyebrow would improve her vastly, altogether very nice, but she sports a ring on her first finger, which is de-

testable; she is chatty and talks of her travels which are near a close. Her selection of a spouse is not so much to our taste: he has tawny hair and incipient whiskers, drinks water, and wears pumps and Berlin gloves; a sort of character one can fancy addicted to the domestic virtues, does worsted work and keeps tame rabbits—it must have been leap-year when he was engaged. An uproar is without; fire-engines dash past, followed by a streaming population. A fine large building in the outskirts is prometheanized, and a dense cloud of smoke curls on high; the brigade are all alertness; deeds of daring amid scorching flames are performed, that would rival the glorious efforts of a Higginbottom; the guards keep the ground; all Bremen is on the spot. We watch the fiery element battling with its antagonistic water, and which, like the impetuous horse, curbed for a time, but recovering, rears, and furiously dashes away, more fierce, more powerful, than before; the burning rafters crackle and blaze; the roof falls heavily; and the stately edifice, so late in beauty, is left a ruin.

The Museum and Library are open to the passing traveller. We inspect the curiosities in the former, and glean home intelligence from the English papers in the latter, and occupy the remainder of our stay in playing

our game at billiards, to the intense astonishment of the marker.

The plodding Eilwagën we have resolved no longer to patronize, and a calèche of mediæval construction, and capacious in dimensions, drawn by two ginger-coloured cobs with anomalous manes, may now be seen trundling along the high road to Osnabruck. What queer-coloured horses we meet with abroad : the bays, chesnuds, blacks, and greys of English steeds are positive rarities, while we find every inconsistency of hue and tinge from a greenish roan to a sickly dun, in amazing diversity, colours we fondly imagined were assigned to other orders of zoology, to animals of fiercer nature; but we were mistaken. Our posting has afforded sufficient proofs to the contrary. Our second relay are worthy of a residence in Regent's Park, the off one resembles a bilious camel, gaunt, ewe-necked and bony; his fellow across the pole, his antipodes in fact, is of quite another mould, exhibiting a brevity of leg, and rotundity of carcass, his shade of colour is a blending of rhubarb and senna, uncomfortable to look upon. Night comes on, and we see no more; daylight reveals to us the towers of Osnabruck.

The traveller is soon wearied of continually looking upon novelties, which turn out to be nothing more than old friends in different costumes. Here the religion is

Lutheran, generally speaking. To see one continental church, to tread the echoing aisle, and to gaze on the gilded shrine, the burning candles, the tinselled altar, and the images and idols, "blocks of wood and stone," is to see all; the details of the paraphernalia may present some slight differences, but the sameness that generally exists detracts from any pleasure in seeing them. A painted window or altar-piece of some distinguished old master, or even some architectural beauties, may tempt one to pause awhile; but for these the marble, and the gold, the gorgeous pageantries of costly-robed priests, the swinging censers, and the other seductive ceremonies of Roman Catholicism, may win some travellers' admiration, but for my part I must confess that the more I witness such scenes, the less I am inclined to be favourable to them. Such ceremonies may ravish the senses and excite an enthusiasm, which is but fleeting and transient as the hour, unless refreshed by continual repetitions; how unlike that simple religion, that wins the heart, and there abides alone, needing no fictitious aid of external pomp to feed the flame that daily increases by the sole nourishment of faith, not sight. Statues, again, are more or less similar; and the equestrian groups are but sorry affairs after all. The animals may be very like what they were in bygone days, but

they exhibit none of the points of equine excellence of our time. The fiddle heads, straight shoulders, want of bone, and large hoofs, arched necks and flowing manes and tails, very acceptable qualities in a hearse horse, but for the hunter, which makes the best of chargers, might all be dispensed with. Then we have palaces; externally they are different, but civilization and social intercourse uniting nations so closely, produce an assimilation of customs; and hence, in the saloons of the far North, one might imagine oneself in Belgrave Square. Picture galleries are where one chiefly meets with original excellence; and the Rubens's, Murillos, and Cuyp's are delightful to look upon wherever they may be found. Columns, streets, shops, are more or less the same in every European city, so that it is principally with the people of a country that the traveller will find his chief pleasure; their peculiarities and customs will excite his attention far more than bricks and stone. And joining in large public assemblies, his wish will be gratified.

Osnabruck.—We have but slight reminiscences of anything notable or agreeable in this secluded locality. History acquaints us with the fact that the title of the highest dignitaries of the Church may be bestowed upon individuals of the lay profession, that the Duke of York was created Bishop of Osnabruck, when of very

tender years, which may be very interesting to parties concerned; for our part, we leave history, like the milestones, behind us, and even touch but lightly those salient and ocular points of every day events that strike attention: incidents, though not exactly "pearls at random strung," according to Hafiz, yet possessing some little interest and value, if not to every one, still of some small worth to the traveller. Our journal, we so pluralize, for we hold all things in common, expresses itself laconically as to our rambles and scrambles in the capital of this petty state. "Streets deserted, church-spire like badly-cut pencil, breakfast deplorable, ablutions acceptable, departure commendable." The very gayest of deceivers prepares the matinal repast; it is the very snuggest of continental rooms, the walls decorated with portraits, or rather maps, of illustrious warriors; the Duke may there find his physiognomy depicted as a sort of pink territory, bounded on the north by an extensive kingdom of black cocked hat, on the south by a vast tract of blue cloak, on the east and west by districts of smoke and sky, like mountains and valleys, the congreve rockets representing rivers. David's Napoleon, on a rampant charger, caracolling on the summit of the Alps, graces the adjoining panel. Blucher comes next, with his head in a muff.

And here is dear old Nelson, lost in heaps of guns, ropes, cannon-balls, and smoke, standing as composedly and as cool as his statue on the top of the Column on a frosty morning. The attentive host, as freshly dressed as if for his wedding-day, becomes communicative, and with smoky milk, and demi-hatched eggs, gives us his opinion of our country's heroes, dwelling supremely on their courage and skill. We of course say something extremely civil, and terminate the proceedings by selling out of our funds, with a loss of some twenty groschen for accommodation and breakfast, and once more resume our journey.

Of the picturesqueness of the country we are traversing one might perhaps fill a volume on a similar principle to that by which some ingenious persons manage to write sheets of letter-paper, doubly crossed, on nothing—absolutely nothing, which may be executed somehow according to the following plan of operations. With a little tact, the two first pages will convey the intelligence that little has fallen under your immediate observation worthy of note, otherwise you would undoubtedly have taken a much earlier opportunity of imparting such information; that really father Time, in his old age, seems to accelerate his movements, and that he must be breaking from his wonted trot into a canter, in fact, verging on a gallop. Then in the two next pages, it may be useful to

enumerate the mutual friends and acquaintances that you have fallen in with of late, or, in case of not having seen them, it is still easier to dilate upon the pleasure it would have afforded you had you happily been in their society. This will bring you to the crossing, when the state of the weather will afford ample scope for the display of your caligraphy, you can institute comparisons as to the variableness of the thermometer, edging off into a relation of your amusements in town and country. Lastly, it is orthodox in every epistle to express hopes and wishes, that you feel convinced cannot be realized, but like aerial architecturing, affords pleasure. Finally, you will state your determination to continue everlastingly, that is till the first quarrel, the truest and sincerest ally of the person to whom you are inditing these sentences. Affection may induce you to be more tender, and vows of constancy and attachment may bring you to the last corner, where, in the minutest style, you may spell out your autograph. Thus we see a skeleton, or an outline, which can be shaded and coloured at will, bright and joyful, dark and sorrowful, for congratulations or condolences, for the lover uninspired with poetic fervour, as well as the marital aged, satiated with matrimony. Then there is the postscript, where one's brightest ideas may effervesce;

wherein may float the cream, the essence, the fruit of it all.

But this digression has nearly made us lose our way. We turned into a bye lane, and the P.S. signpost has set us right once more. We will leave poets to sing the positive and negative beauties of the country; the ups and downs of the road; its eccentric twists and shoots. In the meanwhile, Munster shall be our theme.

Gentle reader, are you not heartily tired of German towns; of narrow streets, of dirty crooked alleys, with odoriferous rivulets streaming down the gutters; of execrable paving, of tobacco fumes, stale and nauseous, pervading the atmosphere, of phlegmatic bipeds lolling about behind capacious meerschaums, of churches fringed with fruit-stalls and haggard crones, market-places teeming with carts and cabbage-stalks, peasants and pigs, cafés and eating-houses, with unsavoury smells assailing you as you pass. I am convinced you must feel as I do. They are all the same; dirt and discomfort seem to predominate. But should you wish to remain, I will introduce you to the red-backed "Murray," against whom commissioners and *laquais de place* have waged eternal warfare, and who will point out what it behoves you especially to remark. For ourselves, we are bound for Mulheim, and thence

to Duisberg, where we find once more a railroad. Again we trundle along the iron way. We dream of what succeeding ages will think of the present arrangement of travelling by steam, for like the discovery that water finds its own level, and the abandonment of aqueducts, so most assuredly will ingenuity and science devise some means by which an absolute level may be dispensed with, and the thundering engines and carriages will disappear before the light but more powerful force that will draw at increased speed and security, and over hill and dale, what the modern Tartarus, Styx, or Prometheus are wont to do. Then will our great-grandchildren smile incredulous at what we, in our day, glory in; and the "Ajax," like the state-coach, will be preserved as a curiosity for them, as a memento of the monstrosity of locomotive power in the middle of the nineteenth century. The child must walk before it runs, and must attain power by degrees; unlike the child, however, the locomotive will diminish in size, instead of growing in bulk; and in a smaller compass we shall very soon find a vast augmentation of force. Daily do we learn this.

But with respect to Continental railing, the original ponderous locomotive would be amply sufficient for years to come at the pace which, according to German and Gallic notions, is considered the correct thing as to safety.

What a comfort to the traveller, if with the tickets from the bureau, a small amount of patience could be bestowed on him, a virtue which in the Englishman is marvellously lacking, and in which the foreigner seems to deal very extensively. Who ever saw a German or a Frenchman exhibiting symptoms of impatience? but if at any of our theatres should a trifling delay occur between the acts, how English heels immediately become disposed to testify loudly the state of their owner's feelings by vigorously beating the "devil's tattoo," and how umbrellas and canes become violently agitated. Take a public conveyance and mark at the first stoppage how growls and mutterings, breaking into expostulations, ruffle John Bull's honest physiognomy! He gets frightfully impatient, for he certainly puts a higher value on old Father Time than his neighbours across the Channel, who, in a similar plight, would sit for hours as quiet and immoveable as a ship becalmed.

CHAPTER XVII.

"The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
The associates tend, and everything is bent
For England."

HAMLET.

THE rail takes us to Dusseldorf and on to Cologne. We join the Hôtel du Rhin: a bath after nights in a carriage is the greatest luxury, it enlivens one, dispelling every ache and stiffness. The hotel is swarming with river tourists, principally on their return to Cheapside; the *table d'hôte* here is worthy of note, the bell peals the "assembly," and denizens of every country flock at the summons, to the festive cloth; the most acute philologist would be at fault in the midst of the Babel-like confusion of many tongues, holding a continued clatter. I like to watch the noviciates in continental touring, everything strikes them as so novel, and the most distasteful things from being new are delightful in their

eyes. Smiles and jokes are plentiful amongst the English. The Hôtel du Rhin exhibits a very fair specimen of a public dinner, where quantity is considered in a better light than quality, where good humour prevails among the guests, and the aristocratic and plebeian, illustrious and obscure sit side by side at the common board, where the worthy Cit fresh from the counter converses freely with a real live lord, and my lady of high degree holds a colloquy with the grocer's daughter. Fate places me between a brave Belge and an individual evidently connected with the tailoring interest; the former is voracious, and handles his knife most adroitly in shovelling the dinner into his cavernous jaws, after the most approved continental and American fashions; I long to jerk his elbow and send the blade through his off-cheek. The man of scissors and buttons persists in talking loud, and proving that his bump of destructiveness is remarkably developed as regards Her Majesty's language, for he delights in referring to the two gents that came to the *hottle* with him, deploras the mildness of the vintage and the stringiness of the beef, and comes to the decision that a hot joint at twelve o'clock would be far more genial to his appetite and feelings. He is lost in amazement at the ingenuity displayed by the waiter as he scuttles about, with a dozen plates all filled with

edibles, which he balances on each arm well extended, and the marvellous rapidity with which he deals them



round, like so many cards, displaying as much dexterity as a ship-steward, I remember, who used to carry about thirteen wine glasses in each hand. Exactly opposite are seated a father and mother with two bony daughters, evidently not of the Plantagenet blood. The paternal calls for champagne; that simple act stamps the character; to drink the most expensive wine at a public table is an affectation of wealth, an aping of superiority over one's poorer brethren, that looks not well. And in our sub-

divisions of the social scale, we rank the man as low down as his own estimation would raise him up. An American got up as *la Jeune France* is next to a German; then come some English, another German, more English, and so on, most industriously engaged feasting their hungry eyes and stomachs with German life and dinner. There is no difficulty in detecting a man's country, and after mingling with all races, it becomes as easy to discover by a simple glance whence he comes, as it is for the veriest tyro at travel to single out every Englishman from ten thousand foreigners, or one foreigner from ten thousand English. Let them even be dressed alike, there is no mistaking an American: there is a something transatlantic stamped indelibly on their countenances, especially among their ladies, for though attired in the most becoming Parisian costume, and with pretty faces, for many very pretty ones have I seen, yet there is something in the style that distinguishes them, even if they do not open their lips; and it is as simple to detect the men. At Paris one may see them by twenties imitating Young France with beards, turned over shirt collars, French hats and Parisian cut coats; but it appears to be the correct thing with them to copy as far as possible in the way of dress the peculiarities of every country they may be visiting; thus, at

Vienna, to affect the moustache and the style of Young Austria; in Egypt, to sport the tarboosh and voluminous pantaloons; in Constantinople, the beard and turban; in Greece, to be "kirtled to the knee," Whenever I see an Englishman acting in this manner, I mark him as belonging to the scale of society entitled the snob genus, for it seems as if he were ashamed to own his country, instead of being proud to confess himself, and to show by all his actions that he is an Englishman. It is quite a fallacy to imagine that one receives more attention and civility by adopting the costume of a foreign land; an Englishman will be well received anywhere so long as he behaves himself; and if maltreated, he has a Government that will command redress, and back his cause if it be a right one. To give one specimen of how we were once assisted on our travels by stating ourselves to be Englishmen, I will relate the following.

For ten days had we been incarcerated in quarantine at Syra, and the very day we ought to have been liberated, an Austrian steamer was to leave for Athens, but by some mistake, arising from our not having sent our traps on shore the evening we arrived in the harbour, an extra day was added to our imprisonment, and thus we were doomed to lose the benefit of the Austrian boat, appointed to start in the evening. Not much

relishing the prospect of having to vegetate another fortnight in that vile locality, until the next boat made its appearance, we sent word to the Captain of the steamer, that a party in quarantine would be very thankful if he would tow them behind in a boat, or take them on board, though the latter plan would certainly have put the whole crew and other passengers into quarantine for the night. This, however, would have mattered little, for the next morning, long before we arrived in Greece, we should all have been equally free, because our term of probation would have expired. But the obdurate caitiff refused to do either one or the other. Still there was hope for us: a Greek war-steamer was fortunately in the harbour, under orders to leave late the same evening. To this Captain we dispatched a similar application, but stating that we were Englishmen, and that appeal met with a very different answer. He sent us word that he would be only too happy to be of service to any of our countrymen, that he would gladly tow us, and in the event of threatened danger, would take us on board. By the appointed hour our small boat, with ourselves and baggage, *guardiano*, and boatmen, was attached to the steamer by her hawsers, and off we started with much rejoicing. Had the sea been rough we should certainly have been drawn under water from the velocity with

which the little boat was tugged along; but fortunately it was beautifully calm, reflecting a bright full moon which lit up the numerous islands as we skimmed past them, dashing through the waters of the *Ægean*. We had the gratification of passing the Austrian boat and its unaccommodating officer. It certainly was a lovely night with a balmy air, such as the Mediterranean alone can afford. To sleep was impossible; we sat and talked, and gazed at the islands as we passed them, now within a biscuit's throw of overhanging rocks, now speeding on across the open sea,

“And now Athenian mountains we descry,
And o'er the surge Colonna frowns on high.”

By daybreak we passed the tomb of Themistocles, and when the steamer cast loose the hawsers, we found ourselves safely deposited in the harbour of the Piræus. Thanks to our being Englishmen, and a thousand thanks to the Greek captain.

With this digression we find “the feast is o'er,” the herd is scattered, the cathedral and other churches are becoming accordingly thronged. Evening draws on, the opera-house is open, we saunter in for the two last acts, return to the hotel, establish a symposium, count the small hours of morning, and snatch a brief repose with

pleasant dreams, in what we before enlarged upon,
where

“Without the damask curtains’ grateful shade,
Through which the cheerful sun might coyly peep,
Each in a clumsy German bedstead laid,
The wearied traveller is forced to sleep.”

A bright sunny morning and once more on the great Belgian Railway, journeying leisurely towards Capital. And now need we tell of Brussels, that little Paris, of its clean streets and gay shops, and fine palaces and large hotels, and of the fashionable park, with its awfully straight walks and stately trees. Surely no. Everybody knows Brussels, and a better pen than mine must discover novelty in its stones and plaster. But we tell not of churches and town-halls, we will engage nags to suburbanize, and now we will tell you how we scoured the plains of Waterloo, investigated heaps of relics manufactured expressly for the traveller’s benefit, gallop about on our Rosinantes on the very hottest of days, have a most lively representation of the battle drawn before our eyes by the communicative guide, whose imitations of volleys of musketry are very vivid, while his bursting of shells are explosions to the life. Then how it becomes indispensable to refresh his throat with the very sourest of all beer, in the little cabaret beside the

mound, where the whitewash is decorated with original designs of the engagement, with an effect painfully real. And then how we climb up to the huge lion, and listen to the imprecations levelled at the Frenchmen for endeavouring, on their march from Antwerp, to destroy this glorious memorial of their defeat fifteen years before; and then how attentively we listen to gallant deeds performed by Grenadiers here, and Hussars there, great guns pitching shot and shell from this quarter into that quarter; steel-clad warriors, running up against bayonets, and of bayonets running into Imperial Guards in return; of dragoons, aides-de-camp, generals, drummers, wounds, fire, smoke, and "*saue qui peut.*" A delightful conglomeration of martial phrases, uttered with Gallic volubility of tongue, and adorned with illustrations of facts coloured with the most fanciful hues, as pardonably suggested by ardent zeal, rather than by more sober judgment and truth.

The extraordinary depth of the stratum of dead bodies that covered the plain is the liveliest and freshest in the guide's recollection and to which it affords him unutterable pleasure to revert. "*Partout comme ça,*" is his felicitous expression, putting his hand to the level of a five-barred gate, to instil into our weak minds the extent of the slaughter, and the horrors to which he had been a

witness. The recital is overcoming; we present him with the *freedom* of the field, and trot away as nimbly as our peaceful chargers will consent to go.

And then need we relate how we explore Hougomont, and make the alarming discovery that in that never-to-be-forgotten orchard a still more recent and severe engagement has evidently taken place of late, ending in the total rout of the attacked forces, by a ferocious assault made at the point of the knife and fork by some picnicking party on a brigade of hampers; and how dreadful must have been the havoc, if we may judge from the fossil remains of chicken and pigeon pies that lie strewed around, and from the wounded corks and decapitated bottles that give ample testimony to the amount of purple fluid recklessly spilled on the momentous occasion; when no doubt the insinuating weapons of little Cupid were dexterously brought into operation among the gallant and the fair.

An Oxford hack does not lead the most peaceable life in the hunting season, but his must be an hilarious state of existence compared with the Brussels' hack in the touring months. Ten miles to the village of Waterloo, over a dusty, rough, stony *pavé*, ploughed hills, the scene of action, La Belle Alliance miles away, and Hougomont on the extreme right, and a long way home, in fact, a

proper good day's burst for the best of steeds, and calamitous to the sorry quadrupeds that Brussels affords. Mine has originality in his method of progression. The parallel eminences on his sides are clearly defined, and by the application of a Hougomont stick, cut fresh from the identical orchard, his stumpy tail gets a rotatory motion, like the screw propeller, which effectually urges him on, and is additionally advantageous in thus "forwarding his views," by hastening him to the top of the hills, while our united weight expedites his descent, and the long legs and flat hoofs patter along the *pavé* musically. Two equestrians join us, one has a very large horse, and a very little idea of riding. His animal becomes joyful, and to a degree playful, on being directed homewards, which causes his rider to evince a continual disposition to vacate the pigskin, and to plunge over the animal's ears. He transports us to the Champs Elysées and the Bois de Boulogne. Gallic horsemanship is not of the highest order, and nothing is more ludicrous than to behold the Parisian dandy prancing along with his heels well down and his hands up to his chin, imagining himself a crack rider. Presently his cantering horse shies and becomes spirited, and then how the hands fly down to the mane and pummel, reminding one of the Frenchmen who was mounted to go and look at the

hounds, when the horse, much to his disapproval, followed the pack, and made straight for a five-barred gate. With agony of mind, and thoughts of his family, and instant



annihilation, he screamed out: "I vill leave all to my vife." Not one in five thousand can ride across country. And how is this to be accounted for? Simply because the French gentleman never crosses a saddle until he is grown up, when in an *école d'équitation* he learns his horsemanship; in England, on the contrary, a pony is a boy's greatest delight; to give him a ride is his greatest treat; and to be able to follow the hounds across country,

is his earnest desire. A month of this sport is better than years in a riding-school. Unless one has been accustomed to a saddle when young, there is not one in a thousand that will become good riders, for much more is required than merely the absolute sticking on, to constitute a good horseman; a light hand and graceful seat can only be attained by early practice. This the French do not possess.

And now are we once more in the Capital, and promenading its park,—that park so formal, its walks so straight, so stiff, like Aunt Barbara's neck, and shaded by revolution-peppered trees, and peopled by the gayest of the gay. We invest some of our funded property, to the extent of a few sous, in the special enjoyment of certain rickety chairs, with the straightest backs and most unsymmetrical legs. We are "listening to the music which we heard in days of old," and a favourite Labitsky waltz inclines one to post off a *deux tems* among the sculptured and living Venuses and Dianas that grace the spot. But the stony walk and the *pro-fanum vulgus* dispel the idea, and so we scan and proportionably criticize the passers by. We wonder why the Belgic soldier loves to turn up his epaulettes, as if he had run up against a wall. We imagine his sentry box is limited in dimensions, and ingenuity has devised this

scheme to allow of his fitting in. We wonder again why little men should wear such voluminous pantaloons. We look out for Royalty, that delights to stroll among its loved subjects, and we admire greatly the many very pretty English faces that we see; then we adjourn to dinner; and, thanks to kind friends, we enjoy most delightful evenings. We will leave the traveller to wander by himself in all the buildings; he will find in one a famous riding hall, the gallery of which leads out of a suite of drawing rooms,—a delightful arrangement, for there may the ladies enjoy their tea or coffee, and look upon the equestrian feats being performed below.

But we bid adieu to Brussels, and the rail carries us to Antwerp. And, amiable reader, we will not detain you here. I notice your anxiety to be at home again; but you are devotedly fond of pictures, for who is the Goth that is not? Here your eyes will be gladdened with a most splendid collection. Rubens you must admire; and the exquisite productions of his pencil that grace these galleries must entrance you, and you will tear yourself away with difficulty, unless your appreciation of the fine arts is as limited as that of a certain individual who was leaving the Vatican, and meeting a friend on the staircase, recommended him not to take the trouble of

going up to the gallery, for there was not a soul there—one of those prejudiced animals that one often meets abroad, whose contracted vision can see nothing to admire out of his own country, and to whom Waterloo and the Tunnel are constant matters of reference, and which they love to fling in the face of whoever ventures to differ from them. Perhaps your taste is for rising in the world: you will have the glorious steeple of the cathedral to climb, and if it blows a gale, as on our ascent, you will find old Boreas converting it into a flageolet, and you will have to hold on pretty tight as you emerge at the summit, when before you will lie a panorama of chimney-pots, tiled roofs, and dreary country. Again, the embryo general may investigate the science of self-defence on a large scale, as applied to the protection of towns. He may trace his steps amidst fortifications, and there unravelled before him, he will learn the mysteries of bastions, ravelins, ramps, scarps, demilunes, tenailles, lunettes, and such like defensive works; he will find casemates, posterns, magazines, and other equally ingeniously contrived bomb-proof abodes for retirement from plunging shell and round shot ricochetting. He may procure a map of the attack and trace the operations of the besiegers, though trees have since sprung up: he may have pointed out to him the choicely se-

cluded spot which the very gallant general, during the defence, considered it most expedient and desirable to occupy, securely removed from intrusive visits of violent and persuasive cannon-balls. All these will engage the novice sight-seer for some days; but if he is pretty well satiated with novelties, Antwerp perhaps may not appear strikingly attractive. His hope then is in the railroad, which will take him leisurely whithersoever he wills. For ourselves we are nearing Ostend. A very pretty American girl is sitting opposite to me, her rich brown ringlets—(my weakness is brown ringlets)—fall in luxuriance and soften the brightness of her rosy cheeks: but the nasal twang destroys all sentiment, just as choice operatic airs lose their brilliancy and expression when grinding on a barrel-organ or vile hurdy-gurdy. To me a well-toned voice is indispensable in woman and without it the loveliest Hebe is unattractive. There is something irresistibly affecting in the clear melodious sounds that drop from the lips of a pretty girl, pouring out like whispering waters in coolest groves, stealing a passage to the heart.

We had collected a heap of volumes full of fashionable love, which it behoves one occasionally to read, so as to keep up a degree of sentiment in one's soul, and a railway carriage is a glorious place to achieve that undertaking;

but conversation flows at such a pace that books are at a discount. The discourse starts with steam, which necessarily bears us across the Atlantic, when American high-pressure is considered, dashing at fifteen miles an hour up to the Niagara Falls; from these we skip over Europe to the cataracts of the Nile, touching lightly upon Terni on our way, bringing on a dissertation upon Oriental modes of travelling. Egypt leads us to Jerusalem and religion, its identity with the state; creeds are discussed, orders of the Church and ruling powers; glorious institutions, democracy, republicanism, freedom, slavery, and autocracy. President Polk and Russian despotism. Austria takes a hand; and then we deal with the Celestial Empire, expatiating on the wonderful resources and wealth of such a country, that for five thousand years has lived absolutely within itself, requiring nothing from without. We imagine more light would be thrown upon the history of the creation of the world, by having access to Chinese writings than all the researches of modern science can suggest, for that national jealousy which characterizes this ancient people must undoubtedly have caused every sacred record to be preserved unaltered through successive generations, and a most useful article would it be in any future treaty with the "brother of the sun," that we be permitted to examine

such manuscripts in order to illuminate the Western world. Cochín-China and Tartary takes us to the North Pole and the Aurora Borealis; from snow and eternal ice that we have not seen, we are transported to the Himalayas and the everlasting snow-capped peaks that we have seen. And so we are all very loquacious.

At Ghent a humorous incidence occurs. Some unfortunate traveller, approving of the principle of extension as applicable to his own legs, persists in putting his muddy shoes on the superfine cloth of the adjacent seat, exciting the wrathful indignation of some occupant of the adjacent cushion, whose appeals as to the impropriety of the proceeding are totally disregarded and entirely set at naught. The conducteur is consequently summoned to exercise official authority; whom the offender endeavours to convince that the ease and comfort which his reclining posture afforded would be very materially disturbed by erecting himself according to the orthodox style of sitting. The fellow's coolness upsets the equanimity of the guard, who considers the offence a matter fit for expulsion. The offending traveller is therefore at the following station requested to vacate his seat, and to provide some other means of journeying than by the railroad. Now it appears that the individual in question, considering that to walk out without a struggle

would be *infra dig.*, resolves to remain till forcibly lifted out; and the manner in which this is effected is as irresistibly ludicrous as original. The chattering, the bluster, and the fuss that it seems necessary to call into play to extract one individual is rich to a degree. Half-a-dozen officials commence tugging furiously; two of them getting possession of one of his legs, and ultimately capturing one of the offending shoes, which is taken in triumph to the bureau. The defence is carried on by a simple muscular resistance which well nigh sets at defiance the united efforts of the besiegers; at last, the other door is opened, and our friend—we call him so for exhibiting so much pluck, not that we justify his conduct—is taken in rear, and at last carried out, like an injured man, as he fancies he is, to be placed under charge of the gens-d'armes. Of his fate we know nothing; for the doors are slammed; the train suffered to proceed; the hours glide agreeably away, and we reach Ostend.

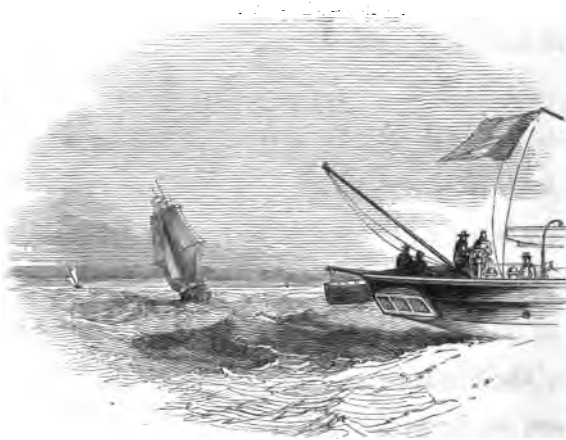
Once more are we afloat, braving the stormy Channel, and as we are bounding over its glad waters, the dear white cliffs of old England come in view. And now, indulgent reader, our "travel's history" is at a close. A few words before we say adieu. The tour I have attempted to sketch you may effect in two months at ease.

I recommend it especially to you, provided you have already visited the more classic scenes of Italy and Greece. Your time will be amply repaid, only carry good humour with you; joke at every trifling annoyance that crosses your path; leave behind you every prejudice, and be resolved to look at every thing through a prism, reflecting all in their brightest colours, and forgetting all uncharitable and interested opinions expressed by those who love to be critical and abusive, as well as the eulogiums of those panegyrists whose vivid imaginations picture everything in too gaudy colours, and let your own judgment guide you; you will most assuredly be amused, and you will return home gratified and rejoicing that you undertook so pleasurable a trip. In a few weeks you will have traversed thousands of miles, visited some half dozen capitals of kingdoms; you will have noticed the customs and peculiarities of the people of other lands, and, at home again, you will be thankful that your fate is not cast in a "land of bondage," but in one free from the vices of other Governments. Let others boast of their institutions, their administrations, their talents, their industry, or of their country itself, none, none are to be compared to our native isle. Let the discontented grumble at home as he may and will, but let him travel abroad, and he will find that there are

sources of embitterment to assail him there also; that a blue sky does not constitute happiness, and that there are things more wretched than a cloudy day or a dense fog. No! the more he travels, the more of the wide world that he treads, so much the more, on his return home, will he have cause to bless himself, and thank God that he is an Englishman.

“O fortunatos nimium sua si bona nôrint
Britannos.”

Kind reader, I bid you heartily farewell.



We speak to God in prayer ; God speaks to us in his word.

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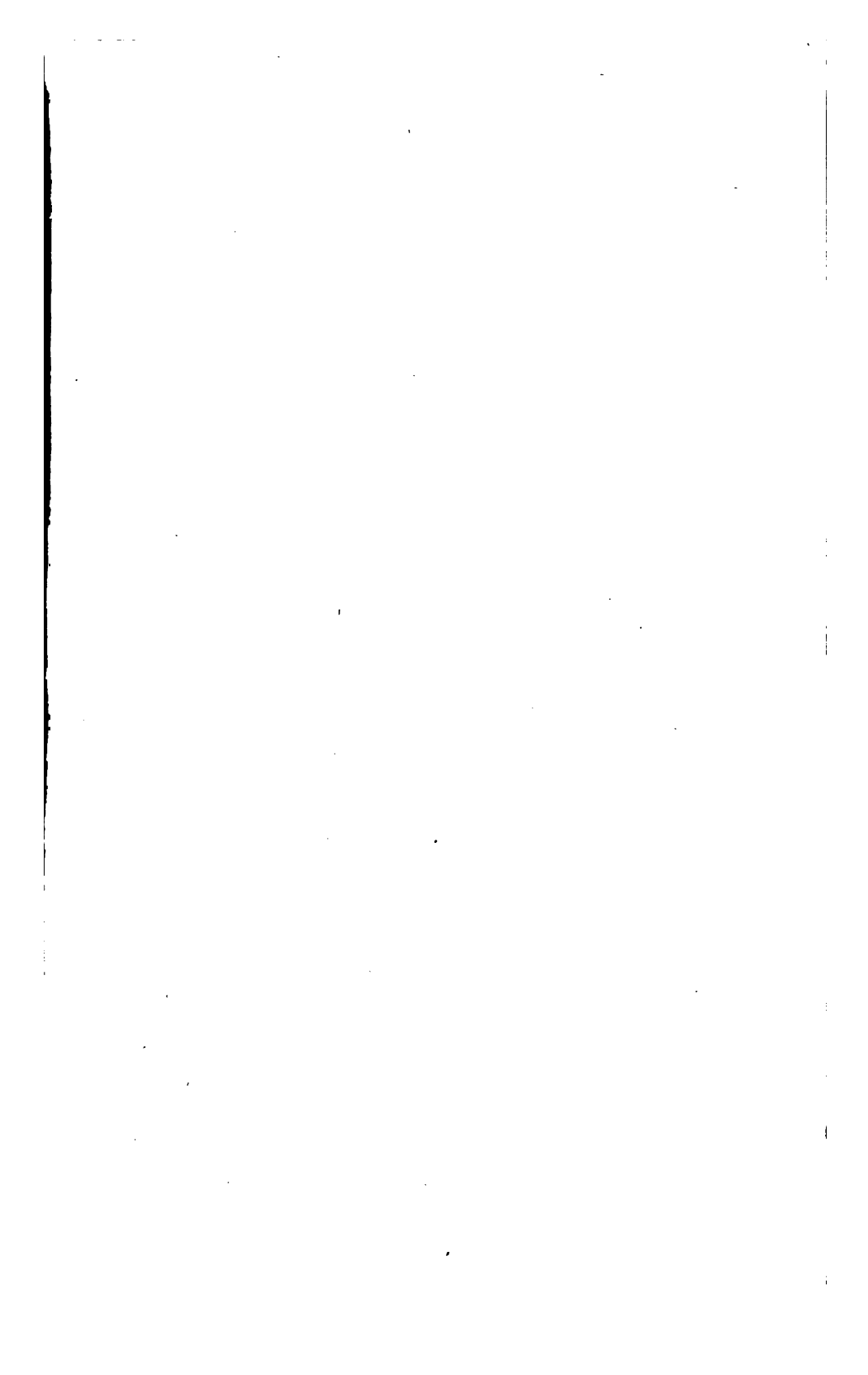
Choose what is most fit, custom will make it most agreeable.

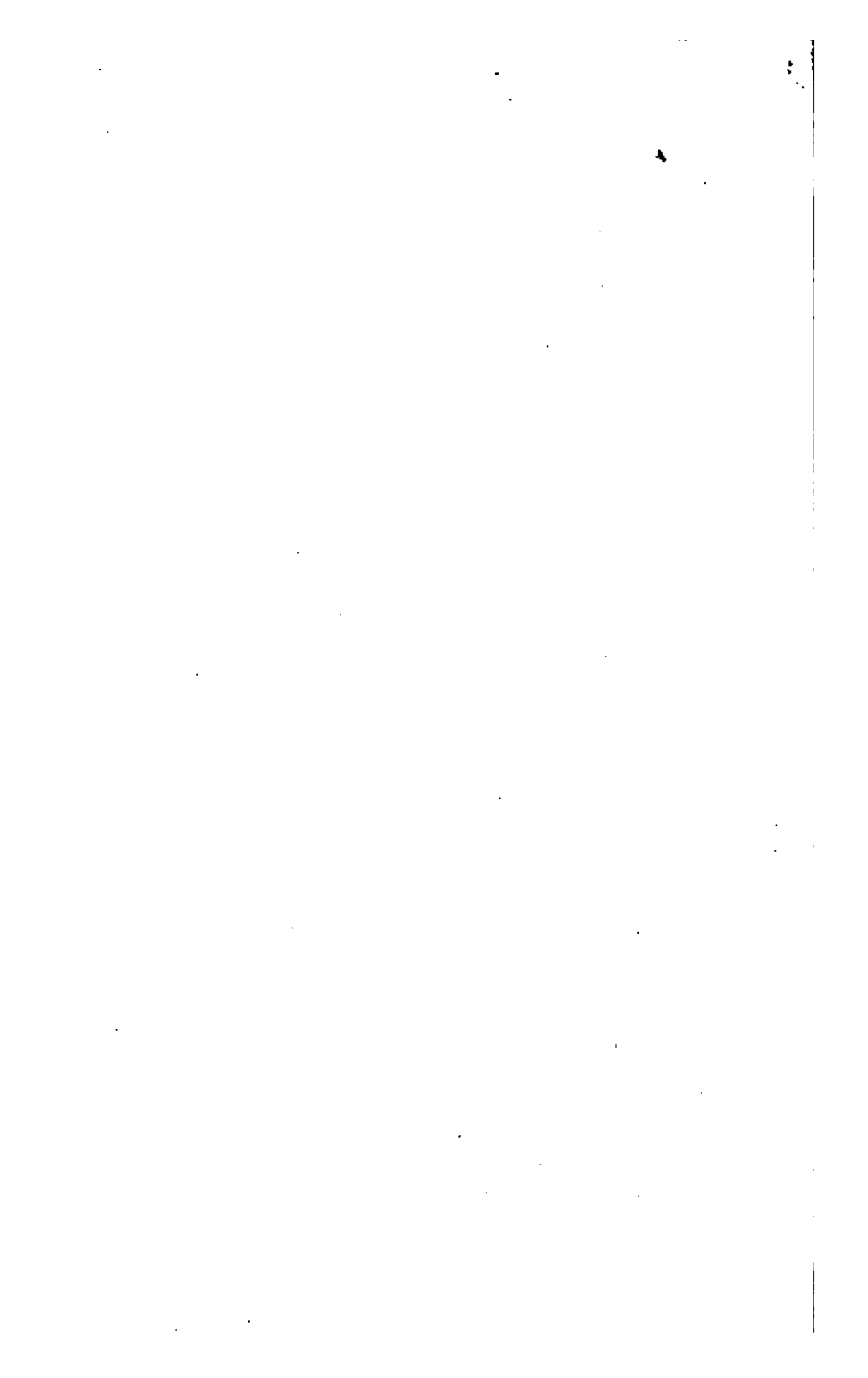
A man truly content does everything but the doing of an injury.

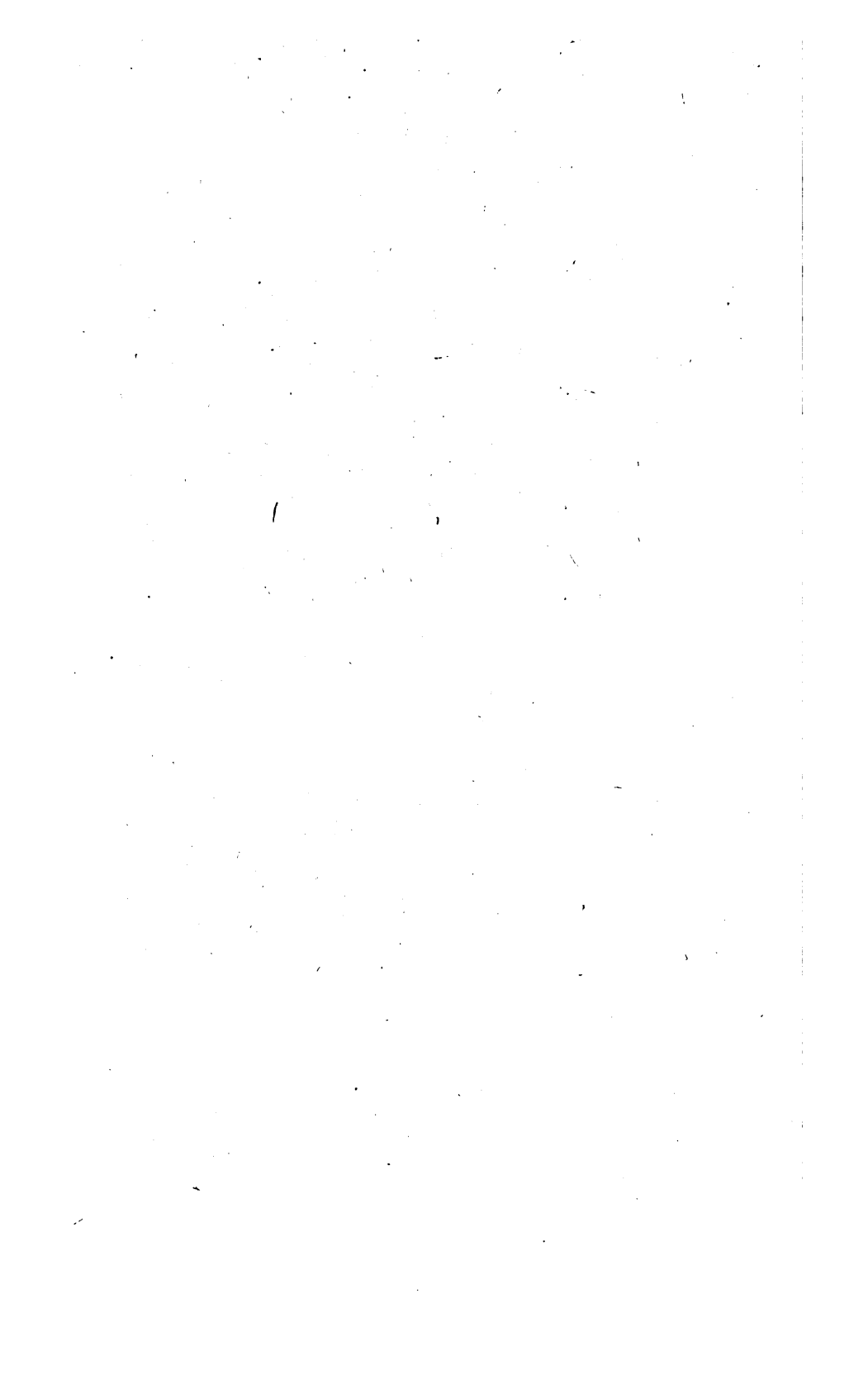
A dear conscience is a continual feast.

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